McKean County Miner.

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State Library

MORE ABOUT THE PAVING QUESTION.

Letter Gives New Light on Paving and Its Cost.

MUCH HIGHER THAN WAS EXPECTED

How State Aid Can be Procured—Paving High in Coudersport But Probably Would be Some Cheaper in This Place

In reply to a letter asking for information in reference to the cost of paving in Coudersport and the manner in which that borough gets State aid, J. J. Mundy, associate editor of the Coudersport Enterprise, writes as follows:

Coudersport, Pa., Jan. 14, 1906.

FRIEND HARRY:—

Now about the paving business. The seven blocks of brick paving, which we have on Main street cost about $40,000, and the State aid did not pay any of this amount. We intend to have Second street macadamized next spring. For this work the State will pay three-fourths, the borough one-eighth and the township one-eighth. We are able to get State aid for this work for the reason that the proposed road will be a continuation of the macadamized roads at either end of the town, or in other words, the township macadamized roads. If neither of these townships adjoining the borough had macadamized roads why of course we could not get the State assistance which we expect. Now, if you expect to get into the game with the State you will have to get State roads up to the borough line at both ends.

Now, Harry, if I have not given you the desired information, or made it plain to you do not hesitate to give me another call. Yours fraternally,

J. J. MUNDY.

As will be seen in Mr. Mundy's letter, boroughs can secure State aid in road building where the road or street to be paved or macadamized is a continuation of connecting link with similar roads in the townships adjoining, and that in such cases only one-eighth of the cost of such improved roads falls on the borough. As we understand it, Keating township is not at the present time in a financial condition to build any macadamized roads and therefore if we are to make the talked of improvements on our streets it will have to be done without State aid.

This letter also discloses the fact that the cost of paving is much higher in Coudersport than we have been figuring on, the cost to them being between fifteen and twenty dollars a lineal foot instead of six or eight dollars per foot which we have understood would be the cost.

We believe that our Main street could be paved at a much smaller cost than that of Coudersport on account of its being in better condition, but the first step to be taken now is to find out just what it would cost or at least get a conservative estimate on the cost. We believe that a large majority of the citizens of Smethport are in favor of paving providing the cost is not too great, but if it is to cost twice or three times the amount we have been given to understand it would be the people want to know it before the work is commenced.

St. Elizabeth's Bazaar.

Arrangements are ~~being~~ made for a bazaar to be held by St. Elizabeth's Church congregation at the Lyceum next month. The date has been fixed and committees appointed. The bazaar will open on Wednesday evening, Feb. 21st, and continue the remainder of the week and there will be a change from the usual bazaars or fairs held in this borough in the fact that there will be something different each evening. The details have not all been completed but the plans as being arranged for are: Wednesday evening, supper and dance; Thursday evening, card party; Friday evening, entertainment by local and foreign talent and oyster supper, and Saturday evening, dance and supper. On this evening the result of the diamond ring contest will be anounced also. Booths containing fancy articles and candy and a postoffice will also be in operation.

The people of St. Elizabeth's church are anxious to have a new church and all are working with that one end in view, and as they have the reputation of furnishing good amusement at their fairs this will hardly be an exception, so the people of Smethport should help a worthy cause by liberal patronage.

Cutters and Sleighs for Sale.

I have a full carload of Michigan sleighs of different sizes for lumbering purposes, and a nice line of cutters and sleighs. All are new and of the latest designs. Prices are reasonable.

E. T. DALY,
Smethport, Pa.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Fought for Honor.

A more or less bloody battle was fought last Thursday evening between two of our young society buds (middle or welter weight class) and the affair of honor was hugely enjoyed by the few friends who were fortunate enough to receive admission cards.

The affair was the second of a series and was pulled off at the ball grounds in the cold, gray light of the silvery moon. At the appointed hour the principals, seconds, time keepers, board of arbitration and board of strategy wended their various ways to the battle grounds. There were no preliminaries and the principals were soon stripped for the fray. The participants are lovers of the National game and therefore the fray started at the home plate.

For three innings neither side got a man to first although there was some clever bunts and sacrifices made. In the fourth Longfellow took one in the slats, which tore his shirt and after an apology was tendered and accepted he was allowed to take first. Then followed some lively hitting which for a time made it look dangerous for both sides, but Shorty caught a long hard drive in one of his optics which evened up matters. Sharp fast play on both sides characterized the rest of the game and the rooters for their respective favorites were wild with enthusiasm, but neither could score a victory and the end of the ninth found them well winded on third base. After a prolonged conference of the boards of strategy and arbitration it was decided to call the game on account of darkness and play it off some time in the near future.

Smethport Poultrymen at the Olean Poultry Show.

The third annual poultry show held by the Olean Poultry Association at Olean, N. Y., January 10, 11, 12 and 13, again acknowledges the fact that Smethport has among its up-to-date and wide-awake poultrymen some of the best breeders of thoroughbred poultry in the country. Following is a list of entries and ribbons won by them:

James Wetenhall, on Rose Comb Buff Leghorns won first, cockerel; first, hen; first and second, pullet.

Carl Sasse, on Barred Plymouth Rocks won first, cock; first, hen, and third, pullet.

R. C. Sasse, on Barred Plymouth Rocks won first, on cockerel and pullet. This was quite a surprise to some of our very best poultry dialectatories.

Julius Hornlein, on S. C. Buff Leghorns won first and second pullet; second and third, cockerel. Julius was there Friday and everyone in the show room knew of it and some others, especially the mail carrier.

M. L. Armstrong, on White Plymouth Rocks won first, cockerel; third, hen; on White Minorcas, first, cock; first and second, hen; second, cockerel; and second and third, pullet.

J. W. Waite, on White Orpingtons won second, cock; first and second, hens; first cockerel, and first, pullet. On Buff Orpingtons, second, cock; second, hen; third, cockerel, and third, pullet.

They are now negotiating to do up Bradford the week beginning Jan. 29th. This will take them all week.

No Reduction in Wages.

According to a dispatch from Cleveland, Ohio, the meeting held there last week between the manufacturers and the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers resulted satisfactorily to all concerned. President Faulkner of the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers made the following statement relative to the wage situation: "The present wage scale will not be altered. The manufacturers have appointed a committee of nine which will meet in about a week, I believe, and whose business will be to perfect the present loose organization. This will be done mainly I am informed, by inserting in the rules of the organization a clause providing a forfeit of $300 for each pot a manufacturer operates below the price fixed by the manufacturers."

A Masonic Emblem.

To spread the cement of brotherly love and affection among Masons, a silver trowel, after being dedicated and consecrated with elaborate ceremonies by many prominent Masons at New York, was sent upon a journey to each Masonic lodge in the United States. The trowel was the idea of Justice Lodge, No. 553, of New York. Before it again returns to the parent lodge it will have been used in every lodge room in the country. Accompanying the trowel is a handsomely bound volume in which will be recorded the travels of the trowel. When the two have finished their journey both will be placed in the archives of the Grand Lodge of New York.—Exchange.

For Sale.

A farm containing 25 acres and one of the best kept farms in this section, with good buildings for all purposes. A nice selection of fruit bearing trees and well water. For particulars, price, etc., inquire of A. L. PROVIN,
Farmers Valley, Pa.

Holmes & Gilfillan's robes may interest you.

A Fine Showing.

The Nunundah Creamery company opened books for subscriptions to the capital stock in March, 1893, and forty-nine shares at the par value of one hundred dollars each was subscribed and paid for, making a cash capital of four thousand nine hundred dollars. The first milk was received on the morning of June 10, 1893, and on November of the same year, for want of milk, the creamery closed, and until the year 1898 was opened in the spring and closed in the fall. From Jan. 1, 1899, the creamery has run continuously to date. In 1898 the company found themselves in debt fifteen hundred dollars, which amount was borrowed on the personal obligation of the managers, whose credit at that time seemed to be better than the credit of the company.

Ten years ago Mr. D. C. Young was appointed salesman and general manager, and from that date to this not a dollar has been lost from bad debts. Soon after his appointment the company stopped losing money and since then has paid off the fifteen hundred and all other indebtedness, and to-day the *only liability* is the *forty-nine* hundred dollars due the stockholders, and the plant is worth at least one thousand dollars more than it was the day we accepted it from the contractors, in June, 1893. The stockholders have received their first dividend of six dollars for each share owned.

J. W. Waite, the present buttermaker, has been with the company since April, 1897, and much credit is his due for his industry, economy and the quality of the butter he makes, receiving first premium at the Pan American Exposition for Pennsylvania creamery butter, scoring 96½ points. His butter has always brought the highest market price when offered for sale. If it were not for the liberality of the Smethport Water Company, also the Smethport Gas Co., who for ten years kindly donated both water and fuel, the creamery would not belong, as it does to-day, to its stockholders, but would have gone as the other four creameries have gone who started the same spring we did in other sections of the county. The creamery company will always remember their kindness and be thankful for it. The said companies on all occasions have been very liberal to the citizens of Smethport. The creamery company feel grateful to the patrons who have stood by them through good and through evil reports. To-day the creamery is on a solid foundation and the farmers, who are dairymen, can have no reasonable fault to find with the creamery's dealings with them, and if dairymen will put themselves on a sixty dollar per cow basis, they will have no trouble in making money. The reason so many cows do not make for the dairyman sixty dollars for the season is more the trouble with the man than with the cow. No *farmer, and more particularly*, no dairy farmer, can make a success of his occupation who is not thorough in his business and in love with his occupation, and determined to be successful. He must give his farm the careful attention to details that a merchant or a mechanic does to his occupation then he will not only be successful but will, if he saves and looks after the little economies necessary, at the end of the year, have a larger bank account than the average merchant or mechanic whom we farmers all envy.

We would like to have every dairyman farmer within a radius of five miles, who believes it will be for his interest to do so, bring his milk to the creamery, and we hereby pledge our best endeavor. But do not think for a moment that the creamery can place your cows on a sixty dollar basis, as we cannot insure quality or quantity any more than a threshing machine can insure the quality and quantity of oats you get from an acre sowing. But what milk you do deliver us we will convert into cash at the least possible waste or expense, and will hand you your cash dividend with a statement fully explaining all operations on the 20th of the month, for all milk furnished the month previous.

Nunundah Creamery Statement from 1896 to 1905 inclusive.

Years.	Milk.	Fat.	Total Cash.
1896	746,141	30,458	$5,193.98
1897	755,630	31,740	5,302.79
1898	619,071	25,641	4,270.19
1899	740,657	30,794	6,820.23
1900	592,993	27,555	6,468.56
1901	782,678	37,424	8,165.74
1902	810,062	37,893	9,062.70
1903	782,807	36,055	9,117.50
1904	1,059,207	[illegible]	11,234.51
1905	1,150,728	[illegible]	13,782.43

Nunundah Creamery Statement for the year 1905

Patrons.	Milk.	Test.	Fat.	Dividend
A. B. Armstrong	104,598	4.78	4,051	$1,251.23
Young & Reeves	82,086	4.27	3,518	960.77
Young & Ferman	67,828	4.31	2,942	713.68
County Home	74,421	3.65	2,741	718.99
Jud Hackett	83,687	3.90	1,811	814.82
H. W. Roeder	30,601	4.25	1,300	332.28
C. D. Comes	87,851	4.05	3,545	881.70
E. D. Comes	64,265	4.12	2,645	670.21
D. L. Haven	68,170	4.00	2,732	722.75
C. O. Decker	26,203	4.81	1,103	280.78
A. E. Hackett	42,381	4.22	1,788	452.69
T. Goodwin	21,045	3.87	857	197.43
G. W. Brennan	26,915	3.85	1,009	245.50
Jno. Templeton	24,082	4.00	965	256.04
86 other patrons	394,924	4.10	16,205	8,021.89
	1,150,729	4.15	47,732	11,595.70

A. B. ARMSTRONG.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Holmes & Gilfillan's are headquarters for Winslow skates.

Court House Should Be Enlarged.

Editor Dennison of the Bradford Era was a visitor at the county seat Monday and Tuesday and, from an article in yesterday's Era we take the following in reference to a much needed addition to the court house:

"The new county officials are all busy at their posts—and this is their rush season. Owing to increased business on the part of some of the officials quarters have been secured outside of the court house to carry on the work. And this is another argument for an enlarged county building. The present "capital" it is urged by those familiar with the facts, should have an addition erected at the rear, either two or three stories high—the latter being preferred—in which offices could be located for several officials who now have no places in the building. The auditors have long needed suitable apartments; the district attorney has not even a desk in the court house; the jury commissioners are in a similar condition, and the recorder's office is over-crowded. The treasurer's office is very small.

"No official action has been taken regarding the proposed enlargement but the question is being discussed. And the points in favor of the proposed improvement are all convincing.

"The financial affairs of McKean county are very satisfactory. The county is out of debt and the tax levy is such, with the State funds, as to meet all obligations. It would not be a great hardship to make the required addition."

Bold, Bad Burglars or Tramps.

A trio of burglars or tramps created considerable excitement in the west end of town Saturday evening. Shortly after midnight Prothonotary S. E. Bell sent in a telephone call for the police to come up at once as three men were trying to get into his house. Chief McCarthy, accompanied by three or four young men, among whom was "Bill" Andrews, started to relieve the besieged Bell residence, but before assistance arrived, "Sam" had charged the besiegers and with the assistance of his trusty revolver which he fired point blank at the eye of one of the bold brigands, or a twinkling star peeping over the roof of an adjacent residence, the siege was broken and when the delegation of the finest arrived on the scene all was quiet and serene.

But Officer McCarthy and his volunteers were determined to either capture or drive the marauders out of our peaceful burg and, as "Bill" Andrews claimed, he could identify them by some cookies he had given one of the gang, the man hunt continued far into the night, but without the fruits of success.

"The Temptation of Regine."

"The Temptation of Regine" was the attraction at the Lyceum Friday evening and drew a fair sized audience, and while some of the characters were well taken it did not give very good satisfaction. Miss Amy Shaffer, in the title role, was unusually good and received much merited applause, and those playing the parts of Hans Hackleberg, Felix Merckle, Katie Radke and Rosalie were fair, but the less said about the others the better.

Perhaps the players generally might have given better satisfaction but a gang in the balcony did not seem to like the play and some expressed themselves so forcibly that they became nuisances, annoying everybody in the house who were willing to give the actors a chance. There were two officers in the Lyceum but for some unknown reason they failed to quiet the disturbance or make an arrest. Manager Clark assured the writer that in the future he would have an efficient officer in the building and that any disturber would be promptly arrested and punished.

Free Treatment for Rabies Sufferers.

The cases of hydrophobia or rabies that have been reported in different parts of the State recently have prompted Commissioner of Health, Samuel G. Dixon, to call attention to an act passed by the last legislature and approved by Governor Pennypacker, March 31, 1905, as the act seems to be apparently little known. It provides for furnishing treatment to needy persons who have been bitten by mad dogs and reads as follows:

That in each and every county of this Commonwealth it shall be the duty of the proper officers of the several poor districts, in such counties, to provide all needy persons, who may be bitten by dogs suffering from hydrophobia or rabies, with the proper medical attention to prevent the development of the disease in the person or persons so bitten, which medical attention may include the treatment known as the Pasteur treatment.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

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ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Mrs. Lytta H. Cory, who died at Coryville Monday evening, March 28, 1881, aged 92 years, 2 months and 2 days, was born in Benson, Rutland county, Vt., January 26, 1789, and resided there until 1811, when she moved to Tioga county, Pa., and came to McKean county in 1837. She was a woman of rare intellect, with a resolute will which enabled her to meet the ills of life and overcome all hardships and disappointments with fortitude, and look at all times upon the bright side of all transactions, thus enabling her to enjoy life and be apparently happy under circumstances that others would have succumbed and died through a broken heart. Left a widow in June, 1833, without money or means she struggled against fate and resorted to teaching school (her early occupation), which she followed until she was sixty-five years old before wholly abandoning it. Her father coming to Pennsylvania in 1807, she accompanied him, driving a team from Vermont and *returning* with it alone. One of her sons, Dr. B. F. is living in Lawrence county, Ohio. She made three trips between McKean and Ohio, going down the river on rafts, and at one time the raft which she was on stove and one man was drowned. All on board supposed the unfortunate person was her youngest son, as he and one other were missing; still it was said by those who were with her that she appeared the least excited of any one. At the breaking out of the rebellion she was in Missouri with her son, A. B. Cory, and after the death of Gen. Lyon they were with Gen. Price's army retreating before the Union forces and were for two weeks unable to get a night's rest, but were continually harassed by the booming of cannon and the bursting of shells nearby, but continuing their retreat through Arkansas and the Indian Territory they at last arrived at Dallas, then a small village in Texas, where they were in a measure secure from the horrors of war. Remaining there until the close of the war, shut out from all communication with or knowledge of her other children she resolved again to come north. Setting out she rode three days in a lumber wagon, camping on the prairie nights before arriving where she could take a steamboat for New Orleans. Traveling 2,300 miles without seeing a face she knew and spending all her money she borrowed forty dollars more, assuring the man it would be paid when she found her children should they have it. Stopping in Ohio with Dr. Cory until 1869, she came to McKean county again where she resided until her death. She has read for the last twenty years without glasses, having received her second sight and read for some time the Saturday before she died. She was quite deaf for some time and it appeared that by reading she could pass the time away pleasantly. She had read the Bible through three times *by course* and commenced it again on her 90th birthday, and read it one-half through. She was awakened to the subject of religion when she was only eight years of age. Though she was losing her mind with her strength yet when the subject of religion was introduced she would at once become animated and her mind would brighten up and be as clear as the noonday sun, repeating passage after passage of Holy Writ, and Isaac Watt's psalms and hymns; one would think after hearing her repeat them that they were stored away in her memory. Nothing so animated her for a few of the last years of her life, as the subject of the salvation of the soul. She had been a professor of the Christian religion for eighty-four years and declared that her faith had reached a point where doubting had ceased and she looked forward to the time when she would be at peace with her Saviour. Still she often said she had become so feeble she could do no good and why she was kept alive she could not tell, but she was willing to wait God's appointed time.

Saturday last (April 10, 1881) as Daniel Kelley was working on a scaffolding surrounding a newly constructed tank at Colegrove the assistant foreman accidentally knocked the underpinning directly beneath where Mr. Kelley was standing, precipitating him to the ground causing injuries from which he died Tuesday. His remains were taken to Olean for interment.

Alf. Colegrove is about as happy as a man can wish to be, cause of it being the arrival of a bouncing ten pound boy. (April, 1881)

Hamlin-Howard.—At the residence of the bride's parents near Farmers Valley, April 10, 1881, by Rev. A. Bronson, Mr. Minor Hamlin of State Line, Pa., and Miss Eva E. Howard of Farmers Valley, Pa.

At a meeting of the directors of the Smethport Water Company held at the office of B. D. Hamlin & Son, April 7, 1881, there were present B. D. Hamlin, H. Hamlin, Wm. Haskell, A. B. Armstrong and B. F. Wright. H. Hamlin was elected president and B. F. Wright secretary for the ensuing year. A resolution was passed that they proceed at once to make the necessary surveys and purchase of land and push the work forward as fast as possible.

The Purposes of the Sheatz Registration Bill.

Explaining the objects of the personal registration law, a letter by Clinton *Rogers Woodruff*, chairman of the Committee on Electoral Reforms, has been sent to every member of the General Assembly:—

"To carry out the purpose of the Personal Registration Constitutional amendments, adopted by such an overwhelming majority of the voters in the November, 1901, election, and to provide for an adequate means of preventing the registration frauds perpetrated in the cities of the state, principally in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, the Electoral Reforms Committee prepared the draft of an Act for presentation to the Pennsylvania Legislature. It was introduced in the session of 1903 by Representative Hutt and in 1905 by Representative Sheatz.

"The bill represents not only a careful study of the election laws of the state and of the situation here, but also of election laws of other states. Furthermore, it represents consultation with leading lawyers and publicists throughout the state. In it are incorporated the suggestions and thought of those who, for years, have given careful study and attention to the political, legal and constitutional questions involved. While it is not expected that its enactment will introduce a political millenium, it is confidently believed that it will go a long way toward freeing the cities of the state from those frauds which have become so extensive and glaring during recent years, and which have gone so *far to nullify, in many directions*, a fair expression of the public will.

"The bill relates only to cities of the state and, in no wise, effects the *country districts or boroughs*, but as the entire state is subject to the Legislature, every inhabitant and every Representative should feel a personal interest in insisting upon the adoption of measures which will prevent the cities from electing unfit men to participate in the state government."

Personal registration of *votes, as provided* in the draft of an Act known as the Hutt bill in the Legislative session of 1903 and as the Sheatz bill in the session of 1905, will apply only to the large cities of the state in which have been practiced the gross election frauds.

The measure does not pertain to the country districts or boroughs. The entire State, however, is subject to the Legislature and it is of interest to every inhabitant to adopt such precautions as will prevent the election of unfit men to participate in the state government.

State Chemical Labratory.

Commissioner of Health, Samuel G. Dixon, has decided to establish as soon as possible in connection with the Department, a bacteriological and chemical laboratory. This will enable the physicians of the State and especially those in the rural districts to take advantage of the most advanced methods of diagnosing their cases by having blood counts made by examinations for the micro organisms that produce tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, malaria and other diseases.

The Health Commissioner states that he will get the new laboratory in operation and be ready to receive specimens from the physicians of the State at as early a date as possible as he appreciates the wonderful opportunity for more thorough work that will be afforded medical practitioners.

The State Department of Health will be able to make its own examinations of water when trying to find the original source of infection in the typhoid outbreaks that are so frequent throughout the State and in many other ways the new laboratory will be of assistance to the Commissioner and the physicians of the State in improving the health of the people.

Free Free Free

The most novel and unique feature ever attempted by any newspaper that will gladden the hearts of the children—"The Gallery of Wonders," a brand new idea in colors, size 16x21 inches

Fun and laughter for the children. A genuine and complete circus with animals given away free every Sunday with the Philadelphia Sunday Press. Everything complete. Every child loves animals. The Sunday Press costs only 5c the copy. Tell your dealer or carrier to save you a copy next Sunday. So many people buy the Sunday Press each week that you must order it in advance or otherwise you may not be able to get it.

If your dealer does not have it send your order to the Philadelphia Press.

To Rent.

A house with all modern conveniences for small family. Inquire of
C. L. WILLEY.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Inconstant Constance

By WINGROVE BATHON

Copyright, 1903 by Wingrove Bathon

"AH, you can't do what you like when you're married Constance! You'll find that out some day"

"Then I shall never get married"

"Oh I think girls ought to marry. But I do think" added Mrs Sedden "that mothers ought to tell girls a little more what men are like It's very difficult for a girl at first A man's standard is so different from what she's accustomed to"

"Well I'm not poor and I'm also good looking, or so I have been told so I've had a good many offers but I never met the man yet for whom I'd sell my liberty"

Miss Constance Winthrop paused before the mirror with her back to Mrs Sedden and smoothed a coil of her glossy hair

"You know" she went on "Mr Brinton asked me last fall, when he came up to New York for the horse show—the brute! So I don't see how I can stay Can I?"

"Does it matter so much? You can keep out of his way and I don't see how ever I shall manage for all these men without you You did promise you'd help me"

"Poor old Mary!" Miss Winthrop patted her friend's hand affectionately She resumed "Well I suppose if you put up with him for weeks at a time I can tolerate him for a few days He's a good deal worse than you think though Mary You say he has only been a little wild I call him fast—positively unmistakably so"

"Well Connie if you do marry be sure you have your money settled on yourself It's far more convenient than to have to go to your husband for every penny I'm afraid to think what we shall do if Wingfoot doesn't win the [illegible] Jimmy says he's safe to but if anything were to happen him! I wish it were all over"

Sedden came into the room with Brinton and interrupted

"We are about to inspect the racing stud" he said loudly "Will either of you come along or both?"

Sedden owned a racing stud but it was characteristic of the man that he should always talk loudly always talk money and the cost of things, and always give the biggest sounding name he could to any of his possessions

"Constance, we'll go anywhere at any time with anyone to inspect a stable" She condescended to be almost gracious

"Going to visit the horses?" she said "All right" She followed leaving Mrs Sedden behind.

* * * * * * * *

The day before the races Sedden took his friends to dine at the nearby country club and Miss Winthrop profiting by their absence sent tired Mrs Sedden early to bed

When they met at breakfast Mrs Sedden was plainly ill "I've rather a headache" she said "I don't think I can go to the races Shall you very much mind being alone Connie dear? Mrs Stanford is meeting them there"—

"No, I don't mind" She added after a pause "But I don't feel very much like going myself I've a headache too"

Mrs Sedden shook her head "Do go, Connie" she urged.

"Why should I make a martyr of myself just to satisfy your scruples?"

"WE ARE ABOUT TO INSPECT THE RACING STUD"

Miss Winthrop demanded "I won't go I am very tired I tell you I have been dreaming all night of that man and if that isn't enough to tire anybody —"

And she did not go Very grateful was Mrs Sedden for the kind presence that kept the children quiet and managed the house and brought her fresh tea at midday She was in truth feeling very ill and most unhappy All through the lonely day she thought over her future She worried over the result of the race.

"Oh if he should be beaten, Connie!" she said again and again "If Wingfoot shouldn't win!"

"Nonsense Mary," the girl cheered "He won't be beaten"

But Wingfoot was beaten

It was Mrs Sedden who first heard the news She was sitting by the window watching for the return of the four-in-hand

"Look, look!" was all that Mrs Sedden could say

The brake was in sight, Sedden driving it. His face told them the truth, and in a minute they heard his voice confirming the news

"I tell you the horse had been got at!" he was shouting "Wingfoot fail? No sir!"

"Oh Connie Connie" Mrs Sedden cried

Miss Winthrop gathered her into her strong young arms

"I'll have to go down and superintend the supper for you Now you stay right here I'll lock you in safe so that you shall not be disturbed I'll go down I'm not afraid I hope Mr Brinton will be sober"

Gorton Brinton was sober, but his host was not Miss Winthrop witnessed the arrival of the four in hand from the stairs through the open hall door and retired

She did not return to Mrs Sedden because she thought that if his wife discovered that Sedden was being left to the mercy of the servants she would want to go down herself and [illegible] Mrs Sedden would not have done [illegible] but Miss Winthrop was [illegible] of that and sat down on the top stair to watch She could [illegible] catch the presence [illegible]

Miss Winthrop [illegible] faces She [illegible] then [illegible] voice of Hamilton Stanford an ingenuous youth who lost his money with excellent grace Suddenly the song was broken in upon by the voice of Sedden loud in shrill menacing

She got up and stole down the stairs Risky though it was she felt that she must hear She turned the handle of the dining room door softly She caught the end of Sedden's speech

"And so I say the horse was poisoned! Poisoned! He would have won right enough but for that Grange the trainer and Jack Billings, the jockey say it I say it! And who did it?"

"Nonsense man! You're dreaming! Come and sit down" said Stanford pulling the orator's coat tail Sedden recovered his equilibrium by a miracle and hammered on the table

"Who did it I say? I'll tell you Who was the man that bet on the horse and hedged afterward?" He launched the question as if it were a physical blow

"Who was it" he went on "at the stall at 12 last night with all of us in? who never came in until 4 this morning—climbing in by the window so that no one should know he'd been out"

There was a pause during which the men looked at one another and wondered who was to be denounced and whether Sedden's [illegible] or the whisky he had drunk had turned his brain

"Would you like to know the man who did it?" he sneered

"Oh do" "Shut up" began Stanford but his voice was drowned The dramatic forefinger was pointed at Gorton Brinton

"There he sits"

Brinton calmly examined his finger nails

"This is all rot Sedden" cried Stanford "We're all sold now that Wingfoot didn't win but it's crazy to suppose he's been poisoned"

"Grange says it!"

"Grange be dished He isn't a vet! His nerve is good though" interposed another man who was reputed to know something about horseflesh "If he says it, it's likely to be true and the thing must have gone into between us But we needn't drag in personalities" he added with a glance at Brinton, who still continued to look bored

Sedden was less delicate in his references

"Ask him!" he cried "Did you or did you not hedge, Brinton?"

Brinton pulled his mustache

"I hedged"

"So that you stood to win if Wingfoot lost?"

"So that I stood to win if Wingfoot lost."

"You hear, Stanford? And did you or did you not stay out last night until 4 of the morning?"

"I stayed out."

"And climbed in by the window for Grange tells me he saw you," concluded Sedden triumphantly "And, now what were you doing out all that time? Speak up We'll all listen to you"

"What the dickens were you up to Brinton?" one of the men asked

"Oh just answer for form's sake Brinton" said Stanford in a friendly tone

"Go on Brinton!" cried Stanford "Tell us what you were doing! This is awful man Can't you see?"

"He can't tell you because he was hocussing Wingfoot" said Sedden passionately

Brinton looked up rose walked toward the door and smiled

"You are," he said "I could tell but I am not going to"

* * * * * * * *

Miss Winthrop broke in on Mrs Sedden

"Mary!" she cried "Oh Mary! Such shameful news! Wingfoot did not run fair! He was poisoned last night between 12 and 4! And who do you think did it—hedged his bets and crept in by night and poisoned that beautiful creature for the sake of some miserable money? Oh Mary!"

"Wingfoot poisoned? Poisoned? Who did it?"

"The man you said was not so bad! The man you wanted me to marry—Gorton Brinton!"

"Who says so?"

"He confessed himself He couldn't deny it He was out all night doing it. Grange saw him climb in by the window early in the morning Poor Wingfoot! That strong beautiful creature Mary poisoned!"

"Did he say he had done it?" Mrs Sedden cried hiding her face

"No he hadn't the honesty But he wouldn't say what he had been doing which was tantamount to confessing! Every one will cut him now I'm glad—beast that he is!"

Miss Winthrop in her indignation was pacing the room Mrs. Sedden put out her hand to stop her

"Connie don't! Between 12 and 4 Mr Brinton was with me"

Miss Winthrop stood one speechless question

"James came in at 12," Mrs Sedden said "He was drunk—oh, quite drunk I was asleep and he woke me. He accused me of—of talking too much with young Stanford of—of flirting of—of I don't know what. He struck me. Then he turned me out of my room and chased me down the steps and out of the house just as I was Mr Brinton had been smoking in the veranda. He caught up with me as I ran and saw that I got safely to Mrs. Martin at the lodge. I was ill all night, and he fetched things from the village drug store Mrs Martin—I should have died but for him and Mrs Martin the dear old Mrs Martin of whom I have made such fun And then when I was better he came back and climbed into the house by a window and opened the door to me so that no one should know He promised he wouldn't tell So did Mrs Martin If Jim should hear I think he would kill me

When after a long silence Mrs Sedden looked up Miss Winthrop was gone

For a moment she stood in the passage outside the door her heart throbbing

"I HEARD WHAT THEY WERE SAYING"

Presently she stole down the stairs pausing halfway to peep into the hall The dining room door was shut Brinton stood outside preparing to go His traveling bags stood beside him Miss Winthrop thought there was a grim look about his face

"Mr Brinton" she called

He looked up and saw her leaning over the balustrade, and the blood rushed into his face Deliberately putting down his coat and the hat which he was brushing he came and stood beneath her

"I heard what they were saying in the dining room" she murmured

He hesitated

"I [illegible] you are glad at this confirmation of your—er—good opinion of me"

"Where were you last night?" she asked slowly

"That was precisely what Sedden wanted to know"

"I promise you I will never tell any one"

"Oh a lady's promise —"

"Mine" Miss Winthrop [illegible] ed into [illegible] is said [illegible] "But—but won't you tell me? It might make a difference"

He continued to smile but she noticed a still more grim [illegible] about his jaws

"I regret" he said with what seemed to her calm insolence "that even that supreme inducement cannot unseal my lips on that point"

It was Miss Winthrop's turn to hesitate

"I've just been talking to Mrs Sedden" she said deliberately

She looked at him with eyes so shy and tender that an answering sparkle [illegible] his and he made an involuntary movement toward her

"Listen Miss Winthrop" he said eagerly "Wingfoot has not been [illegible] I saw him [illegible] No one [illegible] much about horses He [illegible] has been coming on for several days I saw it and warned them They didn't think so They laughed at me I tried to warn Sedden but yesterday he angered me by saying something about—about some one I know I made up my mind to have done with him He is—he is really rather common don't you think in some ways? And I told the other men but they wouldn't listen and then I'm not very popular you know They they think because I so often win, I suppose, that—that I try to keep it [illegible] but it isn't that I really do They never [illegible] bets you know and I do I'm very extravagant sometimes and sometimes I have to I hedged on Wingfoot you know I felt sure I felt almost sure I—I had staked every penny I could rake and scrape on the horse I—I wanted to do something that would cost—oh such a lot of money! I mean I wanted to get together a lot of capital you see

"It was about—about a girl I rather like her And she has money and there's a story got about somehow that it's her money I'm after not her Can't you see? So I hedged And I was out you see, last night between 12 and 4, and I—I didn't want to explain, although I'm not ashamed of what I was doing and—and—well really it made it rather difficult. But I wanted you—I mean her—I mean I wanted the girl of whom I have spoken to know that I am not the sort of chap at heart she takes me for and I dare say I am boring you terribly but I wanted some one to speak to about it, and you see I'm not really what you might call fast at all only only—well I hardly know how to explain all this to you Miss Winthrop You see I've been extravagant and all that yet—and, upon my soul I don't know what it's got to do with what I've just said—yet, as I say I couldn't explain to those men and I never shall to any one, about my absence last night, and—and

Miss Winthrop interrupted him She was never afterward able to say whether at that moment she had been laughing or crying

"I told you that I've just been talking to Mrs Sedden" she said carefully enunciating each syllable

"I think I ought to apologize to you —" she began hurriedly

A radiant change came over Brinton as he looked into the girl's eyes He lapsed back into the drawl as he interrupted

"You are so charming when you are contrite that you—er—tempt me to forget that I—as you once said insult you by looking at you." He held up his hand at sight of her clouding eyes. "I was just [illegible]ing" he added. "Had you not better withdraw before I carry my insults farther?"

Miss Winthrop knew what he meant She leaned over the banisters to him as he stretched out his arms

"Gorton" she said

What's In a Name?

Waggles—I [illegible] don't put any lighted candles on that Christmas tree

Mrs Waggles—Why not dear?

W[illegible]—Don't you see it's one of those [illegible] inflammable ones?

Such Friendly Friends!

Maude—Jack Huggins has been calling on me for nearly three months I expect a proposal soon Clara Oh Jack never rushes things! It was at least five months before he proposed to me —Chicago News

Unhooked

Lady (hiring cook)—Are you unattached at present? Applicant—Oi think Oi am Oi dressed in a hurry mum —Puck

Mathematical

Teacher—Now Jane how many is 3 × 1 Jane—Five Teacher—No 3 × 1 =4 Jane—Aw g'wan! 2 × 2 = 4.

Joy never feasts so high as when the first course is misery —Simmons

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LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY.

What Some of the Terms Common to Court Practice Mean

To most persons the phrase "This indenture witnesseth" is as much Greek as the other common phrase "Witness my hand and seal" Yet both are relics of a time when these legal forms carried with them a significance not obtaining at present

Legal documents were once engrossed upon parchment because paper cost so much more than dressed skin The parchment was seldom trimmed exactly and the top was scalloped with the knife hence the term "This indenture" Even where the lawyers have departed from the custom still obtaining in England of using parchment for their legal forms the phrase has been retained

In the same way the signature of "witness" and seal is a relic of those olden times when only clerks and the [illegible] could [illegible] the pen It was the custom for the [illegible] contracting parties to [illegible] his thumb upon the document in [illegible] As these original thumb marks were not easily identified the [illegible] affixed their seals for the purpose of further establishing the validity of the document It may not be generally known that a seal is still required in law though the need for it passed with the spread of education and the bit of red paper affixed by the lawyer is as necessary as the signature to certain documents

A court of law is a reminiscence of the time when justice sat in the open courtyard and the "dock" is from a German word meaning a receptacle while the "bar" is a Welsh word meaning a branch of a tree used to separate the lords of justice from their vassals

The entire phraseology of the bench is reminiscent of the earlier days but has [illegible] been proved proper has been retained —New York Herald

JAPANESE PAGODAS

Earthquake Proof and Able to Stand the Severest Shock

The absence of buildings of any size and antiquity in Japan is ascribed to the destruction of them by the frequent earthquakes which occur The only structure which seems to be earthquake proof is the pagodas, which are erected beside the temples There are many pagodas which are 700 or 800 years old and as solid as when first built There is a reason for this and it lies in their construction A pagoda is practically a framework of heavy timbers which starts from a wide base and is in itself a substantial structure but it is rendered still more stable by a peculiar device Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long heavy bulk of timber—two feet thick or more This hangs from one end until the other end are bolted at each of the four sides four more heavy [illegible] and if the pagoda be very lofty still more timbers are added on to [illegible] The whole forms an enormous pendulum which reaches to within [illegible] inches of the ground When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda the pendulum swings in unison and keeps the center of gravity always at the base of the framework Consequently the equilibrium of the pagoda is never disturbed and this is the explanation of the great age of many of them when from their height one would suppose them to be peculiarly susceptible to the effect of an earthquake

Baffled

The word baffled now has a meaning entirely different from that applied to it 300 years ago It is now understood to mean thwarted foiled or disappointed, but then it was applied to the process of degradation by which a knight was disgraced A baffled knight was one who had been pronounced guilty of conduct unbecoming one of his order and had accordingly been shorn of his plumes his sword was broken before his eyes, his knightly robe torn away his spurs cut off with a cleaver and after being publicly chastised he was declared to be baffled The word is used in this sense by Shakespeare and other writers of that time.

About Breathing

In the ordinary respiration of man sixteen or seventeen cubic inches of atmospheric air pass into the lungs twenty times a minute or a cubic foot every five and one-half minutes 274 cubic feet in twenty-four hours The lungs hold 280 cubic feet. At each respiration 1.375 of oxygen is converted into carbonic acid gas The nitrogen inspired and expired is exactly equal During the act of inspiration the lungs have been found to be the coldest parts of the body

The Point of View

"It all depends on the point of view" he said reflectively

"What do you mean?" she asked

"Well by way of illustration," he answered "there's Mrs Jones next door who sings all day long Looking at it from one point of view we say 'Happy woman' and from another, 'Unhappy neighbors'"

Had No Pull

Mr Makinbrakes (to chance acquaintance whom he has met at a swell party)—If you have any influence with Mrs Upjohn I wish you would suggest to her that she announce dinner I'm frightfully hungry Chance Acquaintance—Me? I haven't any influence with Mrs Upjohn I'm Mr Upjohn—Chicago Tribune

A Case of Surprise.

"You here James!" exclaimed the slum worker visiting the jail

"Yes'm," replied the new prisoner who was in for burglary

"Well well I certainly am surprised."

"So was I, ma'am, or I wouldn't be here"—Philadelphia Press

Her Style.

First Woman Suffragist—Did you cut the ticket or vote it straight? Second Woman Suffragist (absently)—Straight! I cut it on the bias

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RIDING A CAMEL.

More Convenient and Less Tiring Than Horseback Riding

Camel riding in the desert of Sahara is not so very tiring after one has learned how A veteran traveler in that district describes the process

"Each [illegible] camel has a bridle or rather a halter of plaited leather like an old [illegible] halter and the camel is guided [illegible] as one would be if riding him [illegible] only The saddle [illegible] the affair To adhere [illegible] camel's hump is a [illegible] difficult to master Thus two [illegible] leather stuffed with grass straw are placed on the animal's hump and on these is set the saddle This latter consists of two wood forks one in front and one behind connected by a side board Above this is placed the seat of the saddle which is built like a square saucer The tops of the wooden forks rising in front and behind form two saddlehorns and once one has negotiated his way into the saucer and installed the feet and legs by letting them from the knee downward hang over the front one is pretty safe from falling out Cushions and rugs placed in this saucerlike depression add to the comfort The saddle is secured by a wide girth and also by a shoulder strap and girth at the back that takes the place of a crupper

"There are of course no stirrups the foot merely hanging over the front. After one has learned to avoid an occasional dig in the middle of the back from the hindmost horn and has become accustomed to the weight of the legs hanging over the front, camel riding is very comfortable and far less tiring than horseback riding, especially as one's position can be varied in many ways by riding sidesaddle or crossing the legs on the camel's neck and so forth The long swinging gait is fairly easy and one can move about on a camel's back in a manner that would startle any ordinary horse

On the saddle are carried a pair of leather saddlebags wherein I carry books maps instruments cartridges lunch and the like From the horns of the saddle are hung my field glasses prismatic compass and water bottle Altogether it is a pretty complete outfit and only equaled by a Chinese chair for convenience in traveling when one wishes to hunt and map at the same time

BOOKS AND A GENTLEMAN

A gentleman does not have a full wine cellar and empty bookshelves

A gentleman does not possess a box of carpenter's tools, but no paper knife

A gentleman does not borrow good works which he is in a position to buy

A gentleman does not cut books with his fingers even after having washed his hands

A gentleman does not use eau de cologne and read greasy volumes from a circulating library

A gentleman does not give his daughter a dowry of from $25,000 to $250,000 and forget to provide her with a bookcase

A gentleman does not talk about the latest literature when he is acquainted only with what has been said of it by the reviewers

A gentleman does not send to his bookseller for a parcel of books on approval and after having read them, return them saying that none of them suits him

A Thirsty Woodchuck

One of the best story tellers of his time was Han Thompson of Auburn Me The following is what Han told of what he and his brother John tried to do in the way of catching a woodchuck They had tried quite a number of times to capture the animal but unsuccessfully At last they decided to drown him out. So procuring four pails, each took two, and they carried water for two solid hours and poured it into the hole in the ground in which the said "chuck" had taken up his abode Getting tired, they sat down After about half an hour the woodchuck cautiously left the hole and deliberately walked down to the brook and took a long drink of water and then scooted, much to the disgust of the two boys.—Boston Herald

The Ragged Brigade

The nickname of the Ragged brigade bestowed on the Thirteenth hussars is complimentary rather than detrimental to them being a reminder of the gallant services rendered and the severe hardships endured by them when serving in the peninsular war under the Duke of Wellington They took part in no fewer than thirty two engagements and skirmishes in addition to their share in general actions In the course of the campaign the hard service they had seen had reduced their uniforms to tatters hence their nickname —London Telegraph

A Mystery Revealed

The Layman—Why do you tie that bandage so tight about the patient's limb before you operate? The Surgeon—To compress the arteries so that he won't bleed to death The Layman—Ah now I know why the barber nearly strangles me with a towel before he begins to shave me Cleveland Leader

Youthful Ambition

A little lad was asked the other day what he intended to be when he grew up He pondered over it for awhile "I won't be a sailor" he said "because I might be drowned and I won't be a soldier, because I might be shot. I think I will be a skeleton in a museum"

Professional.

"Well, doctor, your treatise is ready to go to press What are you going to do about an appendix?"

"Cut it out."—Houston Post.

How She Liked Him.

"Well, Maggie, you have now been married a year How do you like your husband?"

"Sober, mum"—Houston Post.

If Satan could love he would cease to be wicked.—St. Theresa

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr Kennedy, and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business considerations never possess It makes no drunkards — excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts In its coming there is hope and in its wings there is healing We challenge a trial and are confident of the result Your druggist has it ONE DOLLAR a Bottle Bear in mind the name and address Dr David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York

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A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar Virot, Lichtenstein

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Linn Faulkner and others

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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and [illegible] Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

A SUDDEN TWINGE

Of pain is generally the first warning of an attack of rheumatism. It feels as if the disease were in the bones or muscles, but the real cause of

rheumatism is found in impure blood. In order to cure rheumatism the blood must be cleansed of the poisonous impurities which are the cause of the disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been very successful in the cure of rheumatism, because it entirely cleanses the blood from the poisonous uric acid which is the cause of the disease.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me of rheumatism after I had tried a dozen remedies without relief and also gone West in search of health," writes Harry Ritter, of No. 1615 6th Street, Denver, Colo. "Only those who have suffered from this dread malady know the pain and misery I endured for over five years. Whenever the weather was damp or cold my troubles were increased and my joints would be so stiff and sore that I was hardly able to move about, and often unable to dress myself. I used a number of highly recommended medicines, but they had no effect whatever on me, and I came to Colorado hoping to regain my health, but failed to obtain the relief I had hoped for. A (?) [illegible] I used [illegible] Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and in four months and a half after I began using it I was a well man, and have had no touch of it for the past seven months."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

[illegible]

Red, White, Green Seas.

The colors of pure ocean water and the varying shades observed where impurities are met with, are diversified by the coloring effects of the enormous multitudes of various forms of organized life which sometimes mask the natural color of the surface of the sea and tinge extensive areas with remarkable colors. Red appears to be most frequently met with. In the southern parts of the Red sea and in the Arabian gulf large areas are colored blood red by microscopic animalculae, and in the Indian ocean similar forms of life cause, in addition to red, milk white or yellow spots of great extent, the appearance of which is frequently alarming to the ignorant sailor. Off the Guinea coast ships sometimes appear to float in milk. Extensive red streaks are also known to occur in the south Atlantic and south Pacific which are [illegible] by hosts of small red crustaceans. [illegible] "Vermilion sea" of California owes its brilliant color to [illegible]. Areas colored green have been [illegible] by the arctic regions, which [illegible] diatoms, [illegible] of the antarctic [illegible] make the water [illegible] brown.

[illegible]

Burma's Natural Magnet.

There is a huge natural magnet in upper Burma, India, covered with great blocks of iron ore, which travelers notice has a tremendous attraction which renders compasses and watches useless. In Spain there is a spring of water said to cure lovesick people. Another queer spring is situated in Mexico the waters of which cure alcoholic cravings, so the legend runs. Hinter mountain, near Fort Davis, Tex., produces an effect which would counteract the good work done by the Mexican spring, with none of the evil effects. People go up this mountain, and they suddenly become conscious of a sort of anaesthetic which takes possession of them and makes them act as if intoxicated. If a traveler reaches the top, he staggers like an old toper, and many have been known to fall in a stupor on the rocks. This mountain has a following which regains season after season to enjoy this harmless dissipation.

What Not to Lend.

Douglas Jerrold, the celebrated wit, said: "There are three things that no man, but a fool, lends, or having lent, is not in the most helpless state of [illegible] if he ever hopes to get back again. These three things are books, money and umbrellas. [illegible]

The Famous Mamelukes.

The mamelukes were a body of soldiers who ruled Egypt for several hundred years. Their name is derived from an Arab word which means slave, and they were originally captives from Caucasian countries. In the middle of the thirteenth century they were introduced into Egypt as the sultan's bodyguard, but upon the accession of Turan Shah, whom they hated, they overthrew him and elected one of themselves in his place. For nearly 300 years they held the power thus usurped, and even when compelled to resign it they had much influence in Egypt. In 1811 nearly all the mamelukes were massacred by Mohammed Ali, and those who then escaped to Nubia were destroyed in 1820.

The Wind Sail.

It frequently happens that after discharging a cargo of a particularly [illegible] nature it is necessary to let the air reach certain parts of the hold of a vessel not served by the fixed ventilating appliances. To effect this [illegible] portable canvas ventilator, called a "wind sail," is employed. It is cylindrical in shape and is kept in position by means of stays. When it is erected the air flows down it and the hold is [illegible].

His Treasure.

The Count (who has had a little tiff with his fiancee, the heiress)—But, my treasure! The Heiress—Your treasure? Your investment, you mean.

A CAPITAL STOCK

—OF—

SUITS and OVERCOATS

Black unfinished worsted Suits, and Black Irish Frieze O'Coats, silk lined throughout, have merited an immense popularity. We enjoy a big business in these sensible Suits and Overcoats.

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THE BIG STO[illegible]

I have the best GAS LIGHT ever shown in Smethport [illegible]

[illegible]

Also full line of HARDWARE [illegible] STOVES and [illegible] GAS [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] New York [illegible]

[illegible]

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

[illegible]

Last year's oil production, according to official statistics, amounted to 0,000,000,030 gallons. More than half of this amount was produced in the United States.

—Osaka, Japan, has 170 glass factories, the total output of all of which combined would hardly exceed in value the production of any one of the larger modern factories in the United States.

—Joe Bizet, a blower on the big place in the Kneass glass factory at Coudersport, blowed 30½ boxes last week for which he received $133.21. Under the present scale this is a big showing and, it is claimed, beats the world's record.—Eldred Eagle.

—Cupid is playing havoc among the "school marms" of Dunbar township, Fayette county, and a special meeting of the board will be necessary to elect substitute teachers, as the roll is exhausted. Within the past three months no less than eight teachers have joined the school of matrimony, and it has been found necessary to allow the latest members to continue their profession owing to the substitute list being exhausted.

—Jacob Schiff, a wealthy banker of New York, presented his cook with a check for $5,000 as a Christmas gift, besides many jewels from members of the family. The cook is a refined German woman who came to America to teach the German language. She learned that cooking was more remunerative and has followed that occupation in the Schiff family for 25 years. Girls, get busy and learn to cook well; never mind the French or music.—Ex.

[illegible] in the State of Durango.

Lather For Shaving.

It is commonly assumed that soap is used in shaving for the purpose of softening the hairs. This, however, it seems, is a mistake. It is used, on the contrary, to render them hard, dry, stiff and brittle, in which condition they best yield to the blade. Hair being naturally oily, the razor would either slip over the limp hair without cutting it, or entering about half way bend the hair back and slice it lengthwise, all the while straining it most painfully at the root, and as a razor would thus slice and pull probably a number of hairs at once the pain produced would be intense. Most shaving soap contains a free alkali, either potash or soda, which combines with and so removes the oil of the hair, leaving only the hard fiber, dry and stiff, as may be seen by taking a solution of carbonate of soda and dipping a single hair into it.

The Pillars of Hercules.

The "Pillars of Hercules" was the name anciently given to the mountains of Calpe and Abyla, standing opposite to each other, the one on the European and the other on the African shore of the strait which connects the Mediterranean sea with the Atlantic ocean. The mountains are now called the Rock of Gibraltar and Jebel Zatant. The word Gibraltar, which is at present also applied to the strait, was originally "Jebel Taric," or "Mountain of Taric." Taric being the name of the leader of the first Mohammedan band which crossed at that point over into Spain in the year A. D. 710.

[illegible] caught [illegible] and all [illegible] blacks carry the imprint of his black fingers to this day.

Conceit.

Conceit is essential to rapid advancement—not overconceit, but conceit in reasonable volume. The conceit of youth becomes the assurance of old age. If you're master of your conceit, you have back of you a slave of unlimited assistance. If conceit is your master, you're doomed to failure. But don't cultivate self conceit. It's a lusty plant. Give it half a chance and it will outgrow your self respect.—N. C. Fowler, Jr., in "Gumption."

Diagnosis.

"I regret to say," remarked the young physician, "that you have peristaltic neurilemma. The symptoms are unmistakable."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished patient. "What in the world is peristaltic neurilemma, doctor?"

"It is, sir, the disease from which you are suffering," answered the young M. D. haughtily.—Chicago News.

Natural Enough.

Jolkley—I once heard a man say that he would rather be an ex-convict than anything else he could think of. Polkley—The idea! How eccentric! Jolkley—Not at all. The man was in the penitentiary at the time.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reasonable Request.

Lawyer—Your honor, I want an interpreter for my client. Judge—What language does he speak? Lawyer—He's a railroad brakeman.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

[illegible] a tail of the [illegible] such a vast area [illegible] The tail of the comet is [illegible] than the [illegible] as this at its best would in bulk act as an opaque curtain. But stars are seen almost as distinctly through the comet's tail as through the adjacent atmosphere. Comets change their form and appearance with the utmost rapidity and finally back steadily away from the sun like a courtier out of the royal presence.

Legend of the Tulip.

Centuries ago, by the waters of the Bosporus, the Persian lover sought a flower with scarlet petals and heart of gold. We call it the tulip. To him it was the emblem of love. In Persia, parts of Asia and on the shores of the Mediterranean the tulip grows wild. Today the tulip beds near Haarlem are among the wonders of that quaint Dutch town. Though once the symbol of love, in our modern floral language the tulip stands for inconstancy. She is called flaunting and bold. Hood calls her "a saucy queen."

The Sign.

A famous craniologist strolling through a churchyard found a gravedigger tossing up the earth in which there were two or three skulls. The craniologist took them up and, after considering one a little time, said, "Ah, this is the skull of a philosopher!" "Very likely, your honor," replied the gravedigger. "Sure, I noticed it was somewhat cracked."

Nearsighted.

"I always said Bumpave was nearsighted."

"How's that?"

"Oh, he can't even recognize his own obligations."

STOP! READ [illegible] REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to:

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 18, 1906.

MRS. CASSIE L. CHADWICK, the famous "high financier," was taken to the Columbus penitentiary last Friday to serve out her sentence.

THE death of Rev. W. N. Cleveland, brother of former President Grover Cleveland, occurred at the home of his son in Columbus, O., Monday evening. He was 75 years of age and the cause of his death was paralysis.

MAJOR I. B. BROWN, secretary of internal affairs, has declared that the $10 deposit demanded by some of the railroads in the State in addition to the price of each $20 mileage book, is illegal.—Wellsboro Republican Advocate.

OF all the reforms suggested by Governor Pennypacker in his message summoning the Pennsylvania Legislature in extra session, the most important is personal registration in the large cities, notably in Philadelphia and Pittsburg. In fact, the enactment of a personal registration law is regarded by those who are familiar with political conditions as of fundamental necessity to obtain honest elections.

THERE is plenty of work laid out for the legislature of this State which enters upon a special session to-day. Whether the present membership of that body shall rise to the demands of the occasion remains to be demonstrated, but there is no mistaking the temper of the people on the subjects designated in the call of the governor. The session will be free from malignant influences of free passes and appropriations, which have heretofore operated to the detriment of the public service. With the subjects for action well defined and the sentiment of constituencies clearly indicated, the session should produce good results, says Monday's Kane Republican.

THE production of wealth on the farms of the country in 1905 exceeded the previous year by $256,000,000, while 1904 exceeded 1903 by $242,000,000. At the present ratio of increase, it seems probable that the decade ending three years hence will show that the farmers of the country, constituting only 35 per cent of the population, have, within ten years produced an amount of wealth equal to one-half of the entire national wealth produced by the toil and composed of the surpluses and savings of three centuries. Despite the proportionately greater gain in exports of manufacturers, in the last sixteen years, agricultural exports have aggregated $1,000,000,000, more than enough to buy all the railroads of the country at their commercial valuation. So figures a statistician and the figures are interesting. The farmer is a plutocrat in disguise.

CANDIDATES who aspire to represent this county and district in Congress, State Senate and House of Representatives will soon be announcing themselves subject to the usages of their respective political parties, and every true citizen is anxious to see these places filled by honest, able men. This is an easy matter if the electors of this county and district will do their duty honestly and unselfishly. In other words cast your vote and use your influence for the men whom you consider most capable and willing to devote their energies toward making laws which will be of the most good to the largest number of people, instead of voting and using your influence for the candidate who has promised to "take care" of yourself or friend by giving him some little appointment. The chances are the candidate has promised the same appointment to a dozen or more other fellows, thus making it about a ten-to-one shot that he will not deliver the goods even if he is elected. A great wave of political reform has struck this whole country and the people generally are heart and soul in favor of the movement and the candidate who cannot show a clean record or shows a disposition to play into the hands of the bosses or political grafters will stand little chance of receiving the support of the majority of the voters no matter to which party he may belong. The plain people want to be represented in the legislative halls by honest, upright, able men who are not tied to any faction and who can and will represent the masses, ably and conscientiously, and the party that attempts to pay off political debts with nominations to offices this fall instead of catering to the wants of the people will meet a crushing rebuke at the polls next November.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Jan. 13, 1906.

The House has agreed to wind up the debate on the Philippine tariff bill on Monday. There are thirty-seven speeches scheduled to be delivered in that time, twenty-five of them for the bill and twelve against it. Of course the most of them will simply go into the Record under "leave to print," and there will not be much illumination for the House in those that are delivered, most of the members having already made up their minds which way they are going to vote. The House leaders say that there is no question about the bill passing, though the Democrats insist that they are in a position to make a hard, if not a winning fight. As to the rights and wrongs of the case, the claims of the opponents are fundamentally opposed. The sugar men, who hope to defeat the measure, claim that the reduction of the tariff will throw a million tons of Philippine sugar on the American market annually and that there is plenty of land and plenty of labor to insure this production. The advocates of the bill on the other hand say that the Islands cannot send more than 200,000 tons of sugar a year to this country and that they cannot produce more than this amount for export for many years to come. If the higher figures should be right, it would be a serious blow to the beet and sugar interests of this country, but there is very little likelihood that they are. Of course no one will pretend that the importation of hemp is going to hurt this country and there is no question that the Payne bill will make for the general prosperity of the Islands.

One of the arguments that is being used against the Philippine bill by the sugar men is that it will kill the beet sugar industry in this country and that this in turn will kill the great irrigation development of the West. This, to anyone who knows the real situation, is moonshine. There have been several big sugar refineries put up where the government engineers have located irrigation works in the West, but the anxiety of the sugar men has not been as to the market for their sugar. It has merely been a question whether the farmers would guarantee them enough land annually in sugar beets to make their undertaking worth while. The latest instance of this has been under the great Bellefourche project in South Dakota. There might be a lot written about this project, for it involves the reclamation of 85,000 acres of land and will call for the biggest earth dam in the world, a dike a mile long and 115 feet high, more than half the cubic contents of the pyramid of Cheops. All the capital has been subscribed and the plans drawn for an immense refinery near the dam even since the talk of a reduction in the Philippine tariff has been going on. The only thing that the promoters are waiting for now is not to see whether the Philippine bill is going to pass but to see whether the farmers will guarantee them a certain acreage in sugar beets. This is a fair indication that the opponents of the Payne bill are not afraid of its wrecking their industry but merely of its reducing by a very little their profits.

The insurrection in the House which was not aimed primarily at the Payne bill but at the Hamilton bill for joint statehood, has not yet been crushed, but the Speaker says that it will be and he is going to make an example of the new members who had the temerity to break the party lines. There is a suggestion of compromise in the air now. It is to the effect that the vote on the bill shall be taken in two sections, one on the question of joint statehood for Oklahoma and Indian Territory and the other for Arizona and New Mexico. If this were done it might heal the breach between the opposing factions. There are single staters both in Arizona and Indian Territory, but the sentiment in Arizona is the thing that is causing the real trouble, and if there is a loop hole left to let out the single staters in that territory, all may be well.

Some reflections have been cast on the Secretary of Agriculture both by members in the House and by a number of the eastern papers for his recommendation of an immediate appropriation of $185,000 for additional microscopists for the Agricultural Department. The way the Secretary himself explains it makes the matter very simple. The importers of meat stuffs in Germany are trying to get ahead of the new tariff law which goes into effect on March 6th. They have ordered and want to order in this country about $50,000,000 worth of meat products, principally pork. Now pork under the German law cannot be imported from America without a government examination for trichina. The packing houses here are eager to make the sales, but there is not a sufficient force of meat inspectors to get off the orders before the new tariff law goes into effect. Some of the packers have begged to be allowed to pay for the examiners themselves without expense to the government, but this cannot be done under the law. That is the reason for the sudden demand for more money from Secretary Wilson. It is not a hold up of Congress but a real and very pressing emergency. It does not look now as though he would get the money in time to have the orders executed, and if he does not there will be the best part of $50,000,000 worth of export orders going begging simply through the stupidity of a few members of Congress who apparently have not even taken the trouble to find out why Congress is being "held up" as they express it for more money just at this time.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:25 a m for Bradford via B B & K; and Pittsburg via B R & P
2:25 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and Buffalo B R & P
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and DuBois via B R & P
5:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:46 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg.
5:46 p m from Bradford.
9:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,608.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,399.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.66
September 1, 1905	20,630	118,540.91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,600.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,273.80
December 1, 1905		

Claims Paid to Date, $28,750.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve

Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and uritan
almer House, 20c
35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10,20,22,&35 cents

We Can lease You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Rochester Business Institute

A LEADER IN ITS FIELD.

Not a graduate of last year's class out of a position. Present enrolment much larger than that of last year. The managers are the authors of the leading series of commercial text books. Registration on every Monday. Send for catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COLD, WET WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

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Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

A Happy New Year

The past year has brought to our store many new faces and we trust that none have gone away dissatisfied. During the coming year, as in the past, we shall strive to please our patrons by giving them the very best of Clothing at the lowest possible prices, and money back if wanted. We wish our friends one and all a

Very Happy New Year

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 15c **Ladies Home Journal Patterns** 10 and 15c

Ask for Free Style Book.

Come Here Before Buying Elsewhere

I am offering at reduced prices

MEN'S HEAVY WOOLEN WORKING PANTS, FELTS and RUBBERS, FELT SLIPPERS.

Also what DRESS SKIRTS are left will be closed out at reduced prices.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

January 9, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

GREAT BARGAINS

Saturday morning at 8 o'clock starts a very important clearance sale of women and children's garments. A great variety is included in this sale,—everything in millinery, a good assortment of ladies' and children's coats, furs, ladies skirts, silk petticoats, etc. What few Christmas goods we have left will be closed out at a great sacrifice. Come early while the assortment is good.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

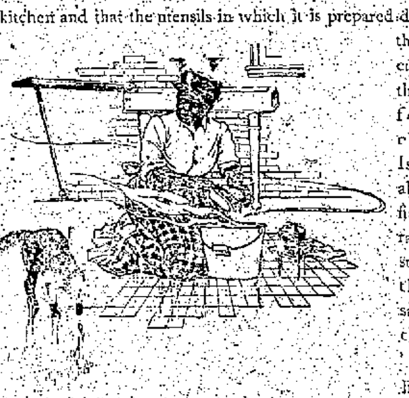
H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.
Smethport, Pa

OUR
CLEARANCE SALE

Is in full blast. Deep cuts in all brok n lots and cut goods to clean them up quick.
For itemized list watch for bill left at your door.

The Lindholm Co.



Is Your Kitchen Plumbing Modern?

While it is commendable to give the utmost attention to the construction of your bathroom, it is advisable to give as equally good attention to the sanitary equipment of your kitchen.

Take into consideration the fact that all your food is prepared in the kitchen and that the utensils in which it is prepared depend upon the sanitary equipment of the kitchen for their cleanliness. Is this fact alone not sufficient to warrant the installation of a thoroughly sanitary kitchen sink?

We would like to examine the plumbing in your kitchen and if it is defective, tell you the cost of putting in a "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Sink with an abundant supply of hot and cold running water. This done, cleanliness will be assured.

Our booklet, "Modern Home Plumbing," shows several kitchens equipped with "Standard" Sinks. Call, write or phone for a copy. Every "Standard" Sink is fully guaranteed.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 18, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Another session of winter.

—You will be interested in Holmes & Gilfillan's new ad to-day.

Hear the Harmonic Quartette at the Lyceum Wednesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason of Mill street entertained the 500 Club Saturday evening.

—Some very lively doings are reported to have occurred in East Smethport on Saturday night.

—The opera house at Ridgway which was burned some time ago, is to be rebuilt in the spring.

—The streets of Smethport are pretty well lighted now, and are a credit to our borough council.

—The Republican primaries for Keating township will be held in the usual places on Saturday, Jan. 27th.

—Preaching in the Union church, East Smethport, Sunday afternoon at 3, subject, "Hidden Treasures."

—In an attractive ad to-day The Lindholm Company keep their big January clearance sale before the public.

—The McKean County Historical Society met at Mt. Jewett on Tuesday and held a very interesting session.

—The Travellers' Club will celebrate its fourteenth birthday on Jan. 30th with a social evening at the hose house.

—A long letter from A. E. Stickles, who has returned from a Southern trip, is crowded out for want of space this week.

—Do not fail to hear the Harmonic Quartette at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening. General admission only 25 cents.

—A. J. Nordstrom is being talked of as a probable Swedish-American candidate for representative in the State legislature.

—In the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning, the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on the "The Enduement of the Spirit" and Sunday evening the topic will be "A Runaway Slave."

—Governor Pennypacker has fixed Tuesday, March 6, as the day for the execution of Charles Brewster of Potter county, for the murder of Marshall Stryker.

—Classes in kintergarden work, plain sewing, embroidery, battenburg and burnt wood work have been organized in the Methodist Episcopal church to meet Saturdays at 2 p. m.

—Wm. Mouheimer is suffering from blood poisoning. A few days ago he slightly scratched his right wrist with the point of a pen and since that time it has given him considerable pain. However, he is improving.

—Judge Cameron of Tioga county sentenced ex-County Commissioner D. A. Sunderlin of Potter county, who had previously been found guilty of fraud, to pay a fine of $500 and costs of prosecution. Bail was entered in the sum of $1,000 pending an appeal to the higher court.

—About the only case tried in the civil court so far this week is the Leslie divorce case. In this case James Leslie asked to be divorced from his wife, Corrine, on statutory grounds and the evidence produced was quite spicy. Wednesday morning the jury brought in a verdict for the libellant, James Leslie.

—Judge Joseph W. Bouton has handed down an opinion that that part of the recent Act of Assembly providing for the abolishing of working out road tax upon a vote of the majority of the township, is unconstitutional. Therefore road tax in this county at least will be worked out in the future the same as in the past.

—Services at the Baptist church next Sunday morning at 10:45, subject, "Evidences of Salvation." Bible school at 12; Junior C. E. at 3 p. m.; Y. P. C. E. at 6:30; evening worship at 7:30, subject, "Three Threads of Destiny." All young people attending school are especially invited to the evening service as the service is prepared for them.

—The attention of the patrons of the public schools is called to the fact that reports of the progress of pupils are given out at the end of every school month. Because of the expense involved they are not mailed but are entrusted to the pupils with instructions to submit them to their parents for examination. Parents are requested to examine and sign reports each month. Signatures do not mean approval or disapproval of reports, but are simply evidence that they have been presented. Parents should be sure that the reports are regularly presented, for this is the only way in which they can conveniently keep informed with regard to the work of their children.

—Monday night a man started in to raise a disturbance at the Lyceum but Officer Foote soon took him in charge and lodged him in the lockup. The next morning he was given a hearing and in default of a five dollar fine served twenty-four hours in the house of detention. A few such examples and toughs will learn that the Lyceum is not the place for such exhibitions.

—Three negroes held up Claude Wilson near Dunbar, Pa., last Thursday evening. When they found he had no money they were so angered that they stripped him of all his clothes and compelled him to walk home, a distance of three miles, perfectly nude, with the thermometer near zero. He was nearly dead from exposure when he reached home. The negroes escaped.

—John J. Crowley, a popular young man of Eldred, died at his home in that place last Thursday evening, aged 26 years. He had contracted fever while in the west and but a few days previous had returned to Eldred in a very weakened condition. There he contracted a cold which together with the ravages of the fever he was not able to withstand. A mother and two brothers survive.

—The Harmonic Quartette will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum next Wednesday evening. This is the same quartette of ladies that was here last October with the Picturesque Song company which was so well thought of by all who were fortunate enough to hear them. The general admission price will be 25 cents and at this low figure they should be greeted with a crowded house.

—The Herald Square Stock Co. has been the attraction at the Lyceum this week and has been playing to fair sized houses. Monday they played "A Sailor's Sweetheart," Tuesday "The King of the Moonshiners" and Wednesday "East Lynne." The company is evenly balanced, none of them being unusually good or bad, and while it is not the best repertoire company we have had, the audiences appear to be fairly well satisfied.

—L. C. Wheeler has broken all records in bowling this week, one game starting off with a spare, followed by 11 strikes, netting 290, just 10 pins short of a perfect game, and in a second game he got a spare and nine pins in a middle frame with a total of 279. The strikes were clean sweeps and not "lucky ones" and if any bowler in the county has beaten this let him speak up.—Eldred Eagle. According to the Bradford Star Attorney James George of that city rolled 290 on the Merchant Club's alleys one night recently.

—At twelve o'clock, Tuesday, Jan. 16th, at the home of Wm. McLaughlin of Colegrove, Pa., Miss Beatrice M. McLaughlin was married to Mr. Earle B. Lewis of Cambridge Springs, Pa., by Rev. J. F. Dugan, pastor of St. Elizabeth's church, Smethport, in the presence of the immediate friends and relatives. After the ceremony was performed a bridal breakfast was served. The bride wore white crepe and carried white carnations. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis left on the 8:50 p. m. train for New York City and other eastern points. Will be at home in Cambridge Springs after April 1st.

A Wonderful Pup.

F. L. Davis of Canadea is the owner of a Beagle pup that is a wonder. Mr. Davis purchased this puppy a short short time ago from the Dalrymple kennel at Port Allegany. Last Wednesday the day the dog was six months and ten days old, Mr. Davis and J. F. Dailey of Olean started from the village of Canadea for a rabbit hunt and as it was the puppy's first trial in the woods, he naturally was watched with considerable interest. At 11:15 a. m. on that day an old fox track was found and the puppy was put on it. He immediately gave evidence of unusual ability and the chase proved to be a long one. When the shades of evening fell he was still after the fox. The hunt was taken up the following day and the puppy was not discovered until Friday, the third day, at 10:30, when Mr. Davis caught him, almost exhausted, but still on the trail.—Friendship Register.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 13, 1906:

Mrs. Blanch Baker, Morris Bassett, Mrs. Lot Fuller, Willie McCarty, Andrew T. Vanhorn, Edwin C. Walker.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel Monday evening with a full spring line of shirtings and shirt waist materials and will stay until Wednesday evening. Please call and inspect the line.

ABE J. MARTIN.

WANTED—Capable hustlers to engage in the tea and coffee business. No capital required. Splendid inducements to right party. For full particulars address The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co., 35 W. Long Ave., DuBois, Pa.

WANTED—Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Clark's line of carriage heaters at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. C. L. Willey is visiting friends in Titusville.

Miss Carrie Servatius of Kane is the guest of Mrs. R. C. Sasse.

Miss Sophia Hafner spent Sunday with relatives in Clermont.

Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany passed Sunday with friends in town.

Ex-Sheriff C. E. Mays of Morrisons was greeting friends in town this week.

Mrs. D. C. Young spent Sunday in Mt. Jewett, the guest of Miss Hibbard.

Mrs. P. D. Hopkins of Kane was visiting friends in town the first of the week.

Messrs. Ralph E. Burdick and T. W. Camp are in Pittsburg attending a glass meeting.

Mrs. J. W. Brennan is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. S. Blowers at Westfield, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. McClafferty and children of Hazelhurst visited relatives in town Sunday.

Claude Hackett left Monday for New York City where he will learn the plumbing trade.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus returned Saturday evening from a sojourn at Cambridge Springs.

Fred Purtle, who has been touring with A. W. Martin's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bisset and Mrs. A. M. Haynes of Smethport were in the city Monday.—Bradford Era.

Mrs. J. A. Holder, who has been visiting in Olean and Port Allegany for some time, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Young returned Thursday evening from Geneva, N. Y., where they were guests of Dr. G. B. Young.

Mrs. W. [illegible] Clothier, Jr., who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan, returned to her home in Buffalo on Monday.

Mr. Fred Brown and Mr. Forest Clements of Franklinville, N. Y., spent Saturday and Sunday with the Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris.

R. W. Hilton, H. H. Redfield, B. T. Garlick and H. S. Rubin left Monday for New York City to attend the Automobile show which is being held there this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young and daughter, Miss Lois, will sail Feb. 8th for Europe, making a three months trip. Their trip will include a cruise to the Mediterranean and the Orient, visiting Spain, Greece, Palestine and Egypt, returning via England.

Boys or girls or attractive young ladies wanted. If you have only a few spare hours, you can employ them profitable and earn pocket money; if you want to give your entire time to the work you can earn a nice living. The best of it is, you don't need any money to start. A complete outfit free. P. O. Drawer No. 399, Buffalo, N. Y.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

The Chinese Varnish Made to Walk Upon
MADE IN ALL COLORS
Cherry, Mahogany, Oak, Natural, Etc.

For Floors, Bar Tops, Furniture and General Household Use.

Come to our store and get a sample of Chi-Namel applied to wood. Take it home and test it

First. Strike the wood sample a heavy blow with a hammer, and note that while the wood may be indented a quarter of an inch, the varnish has not marred or cracked. This proves that Chi-Namel is very elastic.

Second. Place the wood sample in a tea kettle, and note that boiling water does not turn it white. This proves that Chi-namel contains no rosin.

Third. Apply whiskey. This proves that Chi-Namel will stand upon bar tops.

Fourth. Allow a can of the varnish to stand open over night, and note that there is no evaporation. This proves that Chi-Namel contains no benzine.

Fifth. Spread varnish over flat surface, and brush in every direction, and note "self levelling" effect. This proves that all brush marks disappear, and the result will be pleasing no matter how inexperienced the applier may be.

Old floors can be made to look like new hard wood.
No need to buy new furniture.
Chi-Namel will make old furniture look BETTER than new furniture.
Take no substitute. We invite you to prove to yourself there is NOTHING "just as good as Chi-Namel."

Sold exclusively by

Holmes & Gilfillan,
LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.
Smethport Pa.

McCALL PATTERNS
10 & 15c

ARROW COLLARS
2 for 25c

400 PIECES OF CHOICE CHINA
From Japan and Underpriced

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY
Sale begins at 9 a. m
10, 15, and 30c values
10c

The clever little Japs have almost excelled themselves in moulding, designing and decorating these attractive, ornamental and useful bits of China.

They are as unique as you would expect and quite as quaint as old Japan. Of course every piece you will find desirable.

We regret that we could obtain only 400 pieces. We would gladly have taken five times that quantity at the low price we paid. We bought them from an importer—on whose hand they were a small surplus lot. Very small to him—that's why he paid so little regard to the selling price.

The assemblage includes the following articles;

Cups and Saucers
Small Plates
Creamers
Sugars
Salts and Peppers
Tooth Picks
Bon Bons
Vases
Olive Dishes
Hair Receivers
Rose Jars
Match Holders
Soap Dishes
Cold Cream Jars
Puff Boxes
Almond Dishes
Bone Dishes
Egg Cups

Most of these articles are valued at 25c, some are valued as high as 35c, a few of the smaller articles are extra good 15c values—only a few of these.

Just now everyone is collecting bits of Japanese art. The "Jap-Russo" war and the grand success of the Japs have made people vastly interested in the little Mongolians.

If you want a representative bit of the Japanese China craftsman's art—and at a very small price—come here Friday at nine. None sold before that hour—and we anticipate shortly after every piece will be snapped up. So come early.

BIG SAVINGS JANUARY SALE PRICES on Furs, Skirts, Outing Night Gowns, Waists, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Blankets, Sweaters.

FRY & COMES

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

Watches, Diamonds,
Jewelry, Clocks,
Cut Glass, Silver.
Lowest Prices.

EXPERIENCED WORKMEN

At the bench doing all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing, Diamond setting and engraving. Satisfaction guaranteed.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.
Bell Phone 473.

QUALITY

WHEN YOU
WANT THE
BEST IN
CANNED
VEGETABLES
WE CAN
FURNISH YOU
WITH THEM.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

If It Says So

you needn't doubt it for a moment. Our reputation for everything that applies to modern plumbing is the best.

NEW STYLE
PLUMBING
APPLIANCES

that are perfectlp sanitary are the only ones we figure on. Our plumbing work in that contemplated building will enhance its value. Get our figures before doing that job. You'll segret it if you don't.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

LUCKY THIRTEENTH

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

The sky was blue, the ocean bluer, and Dorothy's eyes the fairest blue of all. The sand was white, the breeze caressing, and Dorothy seemed unusually susceptible. I judged it to be an auspicious time to declare my feelings, so I began:

"Dorothy, dear, I have wealth through no fault of my own, social status ditto and a moderately good disposition. I love you. Will you mar—"

To my surprise, Mistress Dorothy sprang to her knees, crying, "Don't, don't!" and clapped her small hand over my mouth.

"Very well, then, I won't," I said to the circumstances.

"Oh, but I want you to!" was the next astonishing development, while she dropped down on the sand again, bowed her head and wept.

[illegible]

The summer was almost gone. A certain Thursday was to mark Dorothy's departure for her New York home. On the Tuesday before we, with a gay party, were to visit Mount Lowe.

Dorothy's pretty lips read the description from the guidebook as we left Los Angeles and were borne swiftly through suburban places toward the fog wreathed mountains. The rest of the crowd was considerately oblivious of us two, so I made bold to interrupt.

"Dorothy, this has got to end. I am losing my appetite, and I can't sleep nights. I have tried twelve times. If I can't find a way to suit you on this trip I am off for Africa or Shanghai next week. You needn't look incredulous. I am in dead earnest."

"Seems as though you might think of something," she replied.

"And if I do you are going to marry me right away and let me go home with you," I went on, ignoring the reproach of her remark. "I deserve something for all I've gone through."

She didn't say yes, but, on the other hand, she didn't say no, so I felt fairly confident.

"Echo mountain," called the conductor. "Change cars for Alpine tavern. Five minutes' wait."

On the right were the ruins of a hotel, which we went over to observe. Here we found a cannon, mounted and ready for business.

"That," said the man who had been there before, "is fired off occasionally to show the marvelous power of echo. It reverberates here, yonder, to the right, the left, many times over."

I grasped Dorothy's hand and drew her away from the crowd.

"Darling," I whispered, "I'm going back on this car, and I'm going to marry you tonight. Wait here or at the observatory yonder. When you get tired of observing, pick your wedding bouquet, for you will need it as soon as I get back. Goodby, sweetheart." And before she could do anything but stare at me in a half frightened, wholly charming way I had caught the down car and was out of her sight.

Once the car reached Los Angeles I was out, tearing along the sidewalk to the courthouse, where the smiling county clerk favored me with the precious bit of paper which would allow me to wed Dorothy.

"Do you know anything about any of the preachers in this town?" I asked, wiping my perspiring forehead.

His smile broadened. "Well, if it is a runaway match I shouldn't advise you to tackle the Methodist. A little narrow is Mr. —"

[illegible]

At which the captain roared with laughter and even the general smiled, and the soldier got only two days' imprisonment for one of the most barefaced breaches of discipline in the records of the army.

Freezing Food Before Eating.

In nearly all parts of the arctic regions food is frozen not only for purposes of preservation, but also to increase, as the natives believe, its nutritive properties. Their fish and seal flesh are frozen and eaten in thin slices, cut off by ax or knife. Seal flesh, half decomposed and then frozen, is one of the Eskimos' greatest delicacies. Walrus liver, too, when frozen is held to possess great sustaining power, and it is considered that cooking deprives it of its delicacy of flavor. The natives of the Titicaca basin, in Peru, who inhabit a district 12,000 feet above the sea, prepare their potatoes by soaking them in water, then freezing them, then steeping them in water and mashing them to remove the soluble matter. After this they are dried and become an article of food. They will then keep any length of time and are extremely convenient for carrying on long journeys. The oka, another vegetable of the district, is prepared in the same way.

STEVENSON'S THEORY.

Tantalizing Tale of the Novelist and a Detective.

Scotland Yard would no doubt scorn to take a story writer into its councils as an American detective consulted R. L. Stevenson. Arthur Johnstone in his "Stevenson In the Pacific" tells the striking tale, leaving you, however, tantalized with the desire to know what the case was and what were the respective solutions of the professional and the amateur detectives, says T. P.'s London Weekly.

As they sat together one evening on the veranda of an inn at Waikiki the detective confided to Stevenson a case of extreme difficulty he had in hand and also his theory of its solution. As Stevenson hardly seemed to attend, for he sat looking dreamily at the sea, the detective left him to have a chat with the more responsive landlord.

On his return to the veranda, however, Stevenson suddenly roused himself to say: "I think I have solved that riddle of yours. You see, it's just like writing a story. If you go at it right, it will work out right. Now, your theory does not do at all because it will never work out. Let me give you my theory of the case, and then tell me what you think of it."

The detective did not at first think anything of Stevenson's theory of the case. It was daring even for a theory and dangerous to work if it did not happen to come off. But on thinking it well over, with Stevenson's shining eyes fixed intently on his face, the professional began to believe there was something in it.

When Stevenson at last asked triumphantly, "Well?" he replied, "Well, sir, I shall try your theory, but if it doesn't win [illegible]

RACING WITH OXEN.

An Odd Sport Popular in Rural Districts of Germany.

[illegible]

their hut at home what clothes every woman of fancy had on from head to foot, the fineness of the lace and the color of every ribbon worn in the assembly."

Longfellow on Error.

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with him from whose hand it came.

Discouraging.

"No, my little girl, I can't lend your mother any flour or oil or butter or flatirons or lamps or potatoes or anything else that she sent you over for, but go back and tell her I have a lot of trouble she can borrow."—Baltimore American.

The world generally gives its admiration not to the man who does what nobody else attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well.—Macaulay.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

The Butterfly That Lived In a Christmas Tree.

Papa, Archie and May went to the woods to get a Christmas tree and found just what they wanted—a little pine, bushy and straight.

"There is something I must cut off," said Archie. He pointed to a little gray bunch on one of the twigs and pulled out his knife.

"No, no!" cried May, holding his hand. "Let it stay. It's a poor little caterpillar's house."

May was right. One Indian summer day a caterpillar, dressed in brown velvet, was taking a walk in the woods. At last he came to the little pine tree and thought to himself, "What a nice place to spend the winter!"

So he made himself a little house. He made it very tight and close, of fine, soft thread, and fastened up the [illegible] He did not leave himself even a window to look out. If there had been one, how it would have surprised him to see that he and his house and the pine tree were riding in a sleigh with papa and May and Archie.

He would have been still more surprised if he had seen the tree standing in the parlor, covered with toys and trinkets and little candles.

"Spring is come at last," he thought, for it was very warm in the parlor.

So he pushed a hole in the wall of his house and out he came. But what do you think? He was not a caterpillar!

"Oh, see the lovely butterfly!" cried May.

[illegible]

MAKING CHRISTMAS TOYS.

A Profitable Industry In Germany, France and Switzerland.

[illegible]

[illegible] pound of butter. Yolk [illegible] these four eggs and a lemon. Beat the butter (washed and squeezed dry) to a cream with your hand; add to it a tablespoonful of flour, one of sugar and one egg; mix thoroughly and then go on in the same way, using the materials gradually until they are all in; grate the lemon and add the fruit, warmed and floured; line a tin with buttered paper, using two thicknesses at the bottom; bake in a moderate oven two hours.

Wanted All That Was Coming.

"That Bitterblatt is an absentminded fellow."

"So?"

"Yes. When I handed him a Christmas present he said, 'I beg your pardon, but do you give trading stamps?'"

The Boar's Head.

The great event of the old Christmas dinner four or five hundred years ago was the entry of the chief cook bearing the boar's head, garnished with rosemary.

A Christmas Pessimist.

A pessimist, I take it, is a grownup man
whose cause
Is to prove the wicked doctrine that there
is no Santa Claus.

—Chicago News.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

First Move In This Direction Made In Medford In 1701.

The first recorded public meeting in the interest of "woman's rights" was held in the town of Medford in 1701. The gallery of the church was occupied by the young unmarried people of the congregation, one side and one-half the front gallery being given to the young men, the other side and the other half being given to the young women. But at the meeting of the eventful year the young men were given the entire front [illegible] well, and the young women were allowed only one side of the gallery.

[illegible]

[illegible] the elders of the town of Newbury [illegible] young women [illegible] a pew in the gallery of the church [illegible] This [illegible] privilege was [illegible] by the young bachelors to such a degree that they broke a window of the church, forced an entrance and hacked the pew in pieces. For this act of sacrilege the young men of Newbury were fined [illegible] each and sentenced to be whipped [illegible] But they were manly enough to confess [illegible] and ask pardon, so this part of their punishment was omitted. [illegible] —Boston Herald.

[illegible]

in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

[illegible]

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. C. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE F. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening

Churches

METHODIST METHODIST—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—
Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each [illegible] afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches at the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at [illegible] All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania Railroad

[illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT

[illegible]

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

[illegible]

Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS

EMIL TRAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation wherever the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

His Assessment Work

By F. E. Hatson

Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Take down that notice!"

The voice which spoke the command was indignant and imperative, but Pete Long paid not the slightest attention to it and coolly went on with his work. When he had driven in the last nail, which held the notice paper firmly to the board he had affixed to an upright post he topped his four foot monument with another stone, picked up his rifle and stepped forward a few paces.

"I'll do no such a darned thing!" he said.

"But you will, though!"

"I'll not! I've relocated this claim."

"You can't relocate it. It belongs to Bert Leonard."

"You don't say!" And he looked down contemptuously at the small figure in jumper and overalls standing in front of the tunnel.

She put up a little grimy hand and pushed back the sombrero from her damp forehead, where her yellow curls clung in wet rings. It had been so hot working in the tunnel.

"You take down that notice right away, this minute!" she ordered, her fearless blue eyes looking straight into the man's. "This claim is Leonard's, I tell you!"

"It ain't. It's lapsed."

"It has not!"

"It has, though. He ain't done his assessment work."

"His assessment work is done."

"That's too thin, with him down in the hospital all smashed up and a broken leg and not a bean to pay a man to do it. Give us a rest."

"I tell you it's done. I—I did it."

"You!" with a sneer, then in a slow, insulting drawl, "I always did hear you was crazy after Bert Leonard."

The blood rushed to Lee Burrell's face, mounting even to the roots of her hair, but her direct gaze never faltered, and she lifted her head a little more proudly as she said:

"I do like Bert Leonard. We're to be married as soon as he gets well and works the claim up and sells it, and that'll be easy enough, for it's rich."

"I'LL END THIS THING ONE WAY OR ANOTHER PRETTY QUICK."

The wolfish gleam in the man's eyes showed her the madness of her unguarded words, and her glance swerved to her rifle, which was leaning against a rock a few feet from her.

"Don't you budge a step," said Pete. "That gun's all right."

He dropped on one knee and, raising his rifle to his shoulder, pointed it in assumed playfulness at her. "So the claim's rich?" he asked.

"And what business is that of yours?"

"Lots of business. Ain't it mine? Haven't I relocated it? See here, Miss Lee Burrell, none of your funny business. Give me the straight tip. The claim's rich, you say. Had some of the rock assayed?" And he played meaningly with the hammer of his rifle.

She nodded her head, then burst out desperately: "And what if it is? It's not yours."

"You needn't try to hide nothin'. You bet I know the claim's rich. And if it ain't mine now I'll make it mine. Nobody knows you done this assessment."

Her telltale face told him what she would have given much to hide. It was true no one knew what she had been doing for the past few weeks. Her old father, accustomed to let her come and go unquestioned, had supposed her out on the range seeing to the cattle. And the doctor wouldn't allow her to talk business to Bert when she went to see him on Sundays.

"And what if they don't?" she asked.

"Waal, supposin' you was to be found at the foot of the gulch stone dead, without a bullet hole or nothin'?" He paused, and she glanced back where from the narrow ledge on which she stood the rocky mountain side descended many hundreds of feet in a perpendicular line.

"Waal, when they found yer they'd say sure 'twas an accident, and, seein' I'd relocated the claim and was workin' on it, who'd dispute my title?"

"You miserable coward! Now I know who it was tried to murder Bert Leonard when he was on his way up to work his claim. It was no accident. The supports of the little wooden bridge over Pine creek were almost cut away and when he rode on to it, of course it went down with him and his horse."

"Waal, if it was me, who's goin' to prove it? And if I bungled that job I ain't a-goin' to queer this, don't you forget it. Now no more foolin'. See that rock over yonder on the trail? You go along till you reach it, then climb up and stand right on top of it."

Lee obeyed perforce, and as she slowly traversed the four hundred or so feet her mind was busy, but she could devise no way of escape. Above were the precipitous rocks, below the precipice, before the narrow trail, and behind was Pete Long ready to shoot if she attempted to run.

The rock indicated by Long jutted up from the very edge of the ledge, almost overhanging the abyss. The girl carefully climbed its rough sides and, reaching the apex, where there was just room for her feet, stood upright. A glance backward made her feel faint, and she turned toward the man.

"Don't be skeered!" he yelled. "I ain't a-goin' to hit yer."

He took deliberate aim, and the bullet cut the air within an inch of her overalls. The next passed between her ankles, a third whizzed just above her sombrero, and a fourth almost grazed her right hand. But Lee nerved herself, clinched her small teeth and stood as firm as the rock beneath her.

"Stands as stiddy as one of them statyers in the park down to Frisco," Long muttered. "Waal, I'll try somethin' else."

And, hoping thus to break her nerve, he took steady aim at her heart, and when she held her breath, expecting the end, he laid down the rifle, then picked it up again and pointed it directly at her face, then at her neck. Finally he fired again, the bullet grazing her jumper, but leaving no mark, a second striking and splintering the rock at her feet.

Still she stood firm, but she knew she could not hold out much longer, and death seemed almost welcome. Then, as Long again played with his weapon, aiming at one vital spot and then at another, a faint, awful hope crept into her consciousness.

When, startled by the sound of Long's hammering, Lee had run from the tunnel to learn the cause, she had just put in her last blast and had lighted the fuse, a very long one, for she could never quite overcome her fear of the blasting. In her haste, as she now remembered, she had left all the explosives in the tunnel, over which Long was standing, and—and the long fuse must be nearly burned out.

"I'll end this thing one way or another pretty quick," muttered Long as he fired again. "I'm gettin' tired of this."

As the bullet whizzed past her it seemed to Lee that the earth heaved beneath the man's feet, and, following a blind instinct of self preservation, she slid from the rock and fell face downward on the ledge. Then an awful reverberation echoed through the canyon. Rocks flew above and around her, a fragment of one striking her as she lay half stunned, making a scalp wound which caused the blood to trickle down her face.

When a few moments later she dared to raise her head she saw something lying on the trail which told her that she was alone on the mountain, and, clasping her temples with both hands to guard her eyes from other sights, like a hunted deer she sped down the trail.

Lee's Answer.

Early in the war between the states, before General Lee had demonstrated his pre-eminence as the southern leader, he was severely criticised on more than one occasion by a certain General Whiting. Whiting had stood at the head of his class at West Point and was considered not only by himself, but by others, as a very bright and capable man. One day President Davis, wishing an officer for some highly important command, called upon General Lee for advice.

"What do you think of Whiting?" asked Davis.

Lee answered without hesitation, commending Whiting as one of the ablest men in the army, well qualified in every way for even the most responsible position. One of the officers present was greatly surprised and at the first opportunity drew Lee aside.

"Don't you know what unkind things Whiting has been saying about you?" he inquired.

Lee's answer was of the best.

"I understood," he said, "that the president desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me."

These Were Called Great.

Abbas I. of Persia was designated the Great. The same title has been borne by many sovereigns, among them Alexander of Macedon, Alfred of England, Alfonso III. of Asturias, Boleslaus I. of Poland, Canute of England, Casimer III. of Poland, Charlemagne, Constantine I., emperor of Rome; Ferdinand I. of Castile, Frederick II. of Prussia, Frederick William, the great elector; Gregory I., pope of Rome; Henri IV. of France, Herod I., king of the Jews; Herod Agrippa I., the tetrarch; Hiao Wen Tee of China, because of the fact that under his patronage agriculture was practiced to a greater extent in China than ever before; John III. of Portugal, Justinian I., emperor of the east; Khusro of Persia, Leo I., Louis XIV. of France, Ludwig of Hungary, Mohammed II. of Turkey, Napoleon I. of France; Nicholas I., pope of Rome; Otto I. of Germany, Pedro III. of Aragon, Peter I. of Russia, Sapor II. of Persia, Sigismund I. of Poland, Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths; Theodosius I., emperor of Rome; Waldemar I. of Denmark, Catherine of Russia.

FESTIVALS IN MOROCCO.

One Month When the Moor Fasts All Day and Feasts All Night.

A traveler writes: "In Morocco the Nazarene can never tell how time stands in relation to the Moorish year. The Mohammedan calendar knows but 354 days, so, as the Moors lose some eleven days in the year, their festivals are constantly varying in date. The most important, of course, is Ramadan, when Moslems fast from the rising to the setting of the sun during the month. The Moor fasts all day and feasts all night, and throughout the small hours in certain Moorish cities officials pass down the streets in solemn procession, armed with musical instruments, and one at their head calls upon the 'servants of God' to eat and drink before the advent of the dawn. On one night toward the end of Ramadan it is well known that the gates of heaven are opened in order that the prayers of the faithful may be heard, and it is equally certain that all the devils and jenii are kept in some prison of the underworld throughout the month.

"Another feast of importance is the Aid el Kabeer, which takes place on the tenth day of the last month of the Mohammedan year. It celebrates the sacrifice of Ishmael (not Isaac) by Abraham on Mount Moriah. Certain prayers are said in the mosques, and after these the cadi, standing in some prominent position, cuts the throat of a sheep that is then carried in a basket at headlong speed to the town's chief mosque. If the sheep be alive when it reaches the mosque the ensuing year will be a prosperous one for the town. By means of gun fire and trumpet call all the city is informed that the sacrifice has been killed, and then every householder kills a sheep on the threshold of his own home. This sheep has been bought on the previous day and tied up in readiness for the feast.

"Still another festival of great importance in Morocco is the Moolud, which takes place in the month that is called the 'spring of flowers.' It is ushered in by singing and dancing and music and seems to be founded on some old forgotten [illegible] festival. When the Moolud comes round a blue mark is placed between the eyebrows of young children in order that the evil eye may be averted from them. The festival is [illegible] notorious by reason of the [illegible] the followers of [illegible] Aisa of Mequinez, [illegible] of snake charmers.

"These Aissawi may be compared with the dancing dervishes of other Mohammedan countries. The Aisawi are accustomed to repeat aloud a sentence that [illegible] the master word of their order, and they howl it until the sound is not comparable to anything one has heard before. In moments of extreme frenzy the devotees are known to seize sheep or even dogs and tear them to pieces with their hands. Some may be seen devouring a sheep before it is dead."

Historic Wheat.

Experts on the subject of bread grains say that wheat can be traced back into the dim past across the line marked by the advent of historic man into the dim shades of the stone age. It has been known in Egypt and in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris since the time when history "runneth not to the contrary." The prehistoric races which formerly lived in the famous "lake dwellings," which were built on platforms supported by piles driven in the lakes of Switzerland, had their mealing stones, wheat mortars, sickles and other grain harvesting and flourmaking apparatus at least 4,000 years ago. Wheat found in ancient Egyptian tombs and in the ruins of the lake dwellings referred to is identical with that which we use today.

An Expensive Burial Ground.

Burial in Westminster abbey is an expensive honor, although the sums exacted are considerably less than they were up to the middle of the last century. The fees for interment are arranged on the following scale: To the Fabric fund, £20, £30 or £40, according to the degree of the person to be buried. Other fees to dean, canons, choir, officers, verger, etc., £34 2s. 2d. In lieu of scarves, etc., for choir, etc., £31 2s. 3d., making altogether £91 4s. 8d., £101 4s. 8d. or £111 4s. 8d., according to degree. Formerly the fees amounted to £150 or £160, besides the scarves, hatbands and gloves charged in the undertaker's bill.

A Natural Conclusion.

A little New York girl, whose brief experience of life was confined to existence in an apartment house, was visiting in Philadelphia not long ago. One afternoon, to amuse the child, her cousin showed her a number of photographs and views, meanwhile explaining and answering questions concerning them. One of them was a picture of Windsor castle, which, she was told, was the residence of the late Queen Victoria. After looking at it a moment she innocently inquired: "What floor did she live on?"—Lippincott's.

Laid His Fortune at Her Feet.

"He done tol' me," said Miss Daphne Dalrymple, "dat if I would marry him he'd lay his fortune at my feet."

"An' did he do it?" asked Miss Miami Brown.

"Yas, he sho' did. It took his las' cent to pay foh fohteen yahds of ingrain cyarpet."—Washington Star.

Still Free.

Miss Gaussip—I understand that you are as good as married to Miss Roxley.

Mr. Bacheller—Just as good and even better. I'm not going to be married to anybody.—Philadelphia Ledger.

To equal a predecessor one must have twice his worth.—Gracian.

Racing the Wildcat

By CLAUDINE SISSON

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That Keswick, after a college course, should return to Vaudon and take a place as motorman on the Vaudon and Arverne trolley line was a little more than a nine days' wonder in Vaudon, where the Keswicks had lived for half a century.

Great promises had been made on Renton Keswick's behalf when he decided to take a portion of his father's insurance money and complete his college course, and it was confidently predicted that he would make a name for himself in the city beyond when his four years should be up. Instead he had quietly returned to his old home and had applied for and obtained a place as motorman on the new line just completed to Arverne.

Even Horace Custis had been somewhat surprised at Ren's request to be put on a car. "We could use you here in the office, Ren," he suggested as he swung around in his office chair.

"No, thank you," was Renton's quiet rejoinder. "I want to know something about trolleying before I sit in front of a roll top desk, and I guess the front platform of a car is as good a place as any from which to study."

So Custis had let him go, and that evening when Dorothy Custis remonstrated with him for not doing better by the son of his old friend he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Dot," he said kindly, "for your sake as well as for the sake of poor Tom Keswick I would have been glad to put the boy to work in the office, but a college education has not spoiled him, and I gave him the place for which he asked."

Dorothy, blushing to find that her secret was known to her father, fled to her room, and after that the subject was dropped so far as the Custis household was concerned.

Vaudon was more interested, however, and there were many who freely remarked that if Ren Keswick could not do better than a motorman's job after all that schooling it would have been better had he lost himself in the city.

Meanwhile Ren stuck to the motorman's box, and in a short time he was regarded as the best operator on the road. He knew every curve and grade on the eighteen miles of track, and his car was never late, because no matter what the delay he knew how to favor the work and come up to the Vaudon station on time.

Once when there had been a break at the power house which shut off the power from the line for twenty minutes he had raced the accommodation from the brook crossing to the station and had beaten it by three minutes. It was an eight mile run from the crossing to the station by trolley, but the railroad took a curve to avoid crossing Arverne creek twice and had four miles farther to go.

Dorothy was a frequent passenger on the car, and it was natural that she should avail herself of her privilege as daughter of the president of the road to ride on the front seat with the motorman. If she happened to take the car on which Ren was the motorman it certainly had the appearance of an accident, and not even Vaudon talked about it—which was surprising.

Those rides were precious times to Renton as he stood at the controller and nursed the heavy car over the tracks. Once when he had been late and was hurrying to make up his time she had looked up with glowing eyes as he helped her down the step.

"I'd just love to be with you some time when you are making a real fast run," she smiled, and he, smiling back into the eager eyes, had replied:

"If I ever have to make a real fast run I'll let you know."

She was talking of his promise as they sped toward the town one evening in August. There had been a dance out at Arverne lake, and Dorothy had left early to meet her father. A celebration was being held some thirty miles up the road, and her father was among the invited guests. They were coming home on a special train, the governor and his staff and half a hundred others. The train was due at Vaudon at about the same time as the special, and Dorothy had left the party early in order to be home to meet her father.

Once or twice Ren had let out the car on level stretches to see her eyes flash with excitement and had crept along the harder parts to keep his schedule even.

They were taking it easy along the stretch by the creek when, as they approached the railroad, they spied a headlight up the track.

There was plenty of time, and rather than take chances Ren stopped on the near side of the crossing and rested on the seat a moment as the light drew nearer.

As it flashed past there was a cry from Dorothy. In the moonlight she saw that there was no one in the cab.

"Did you see?" she demanded excitedly as she grasped Ren's arm.

"Runaway," he assented.

"The train!" she gasped. Ren's face grew hard.

There was a construction camp up the road, and he recognized this as the engine of the work train. There had been threats made against the governor by some of the foreign laborers, and they had probably sent the engine adrift in the hope of obstructing the track and wrecking the train.

"If the fires burned down it would come to a halt on the track, and if the engineer of the special did not see it there would be a wreck. If the fires kept up s[illegible] even more d[illegible] the engine [illegible]

[illegible] There w[illegible] wouldn't lo[illegible] to [illegible] Dor- ot[illegible] there is [illegible] on the current.

For a mo[illegible] a while as the motor[illegible] and then they were [illegible] that he must reach the station before the special left or there would be no hope. In another moment they were running at top speed, and the car swayed and rattled as though it would leave the track. But Ren knew every dangerous spot, and the car sped along, slowing down at the curves just enough to hold to the rails. The gong rang almost constantly at the crossings, but there was little traffic, and they had a clear road through. Once or twice a teamster pulled up suddenly and swore as the rush frightened his horses.

Dorothy's eyes blazed with excitement as she clung to the seat. She guessed why the run was being made, and even her fear for her father did not spoil her enjoyment of the speed. She had confidence in Ren.

At last they were in the village and were speeding up the street. He slowed up as much as he dared, but he could hear the panting of the engine and knew that the special was already in the station. There would not be a long stop, and he gritted his teeth as he threw on full power again, for in the distance he heard the rattle of the wildcat.

One glance showed him that the engine of the special was below the only siding this side of the station. There was no time to back and throw open a switch. The engine would be upon the train before anything could be done. He satisfied himself of this and made up his mind quickly. He shut off the power and ground down the brakes, stopping in the center of the track. He sprang to Dorothy and, catching her up in his arms, jumped from the car and staggered away from the track.

Another instant and a crash told that the wildcat had run into the car. He set the girl down and turned to see. The engine had been thrown completely off the track, and the special was safe.

In a daze he received the congratulations showered upon him until he heard the president of the railroad company speaking.

"We are going to put in several trolley lines," he was saying, "and we want just such a quick witted chap as yourself as general manager."

He looked at Dorothy, and Dorothy's eyes said "Yes." She had known all along that he was seeking practical experience for just such a post as this, and they were to be married when he had won.

A Story of Carnegie, the Boy.

"I once visited Dunfermline, Mr. Carnegie's birthplace," said a Chicago man. "They told me there a story about him that illustrated the tenacity and perseverance of his childhood, his bulldog determination to ride down every obstacle and reach the end.

"It seems that at the little Dunfermline school the master called Andrew up one day and asked him how much seven times nine was.

"The boy, unable to hit on the answer immediately, began to go over the entire table:

" 'Twice nine is eighteen, thrice nine is twenty-seven, four times nine is thirty-six, five'—

"But the master interrupted impatiently.

" 'No, no,' he said. 'Give me the answer straight off.'

"After some thought the boy again:

" 'Twice nine is eighteen, thrice nine is twenty-seven, four times'—

" 'No. Straight off,' repeated the master.

" 'Haud yer gob, man,' the boy cried passionately. 'Ye've spoilt me twice, an' do ye want to spoil me a third time?' "

Growth of the Hair.

The hair is not like plants. It is nothing more than unsensible threads of skin, or, rather, papillae, as they are called, which grow in their proper places under the same conditions as the nails on the finger ends. The hair papillae do not lie on the surface of the skin, but are sunk more or less deeply into it, more deeply as the hair is longer, so that long hairs adhere in a deep sac. The number of these hair papillae of course varies considerably with different people, but for each individual is constant and unchangeable and cannot be increased any more than can the number of one's finger nails. The number of hairs depends on the papillae; consequently if there are no papillae there can be no hair. Moreover, the number of these papillae is constant, so that the idea of increasing their number by clipping the hair must be abandoned. The growth of the hairs depends rather on the well being of all the papillae, but they are constituent parts of skin and share its fate alike in both good and evil days.

First Letter Carriers.

It is not clear that the letter carriers were regularly employed before 1753, when tradition tells us that Benjamin Franklin, the new postmaster general, employed them in Philadelphia and possibly in New York. The earliest evidence we have is of 1762, when the Philadelphia postmaster advertised that his "boy" had run away and that patrons must call for their letters at the postoffice. The Postal Journal of Hugh Finlay, a storehouse of sound information, tells us that Boston had no letter carrier in 1773. Of New York he says that "soon after the arrival of a mail the letters are quickly delivered by a runner," which means messenger or letter carrier.

ORIGIN OF THE WALTZ.

This Dance Was First Performed as a Religious Ceremony.

Of all the millions who waltz, who can tell how this famous dance originated? The story is a curious one. It is wrongly supposed that France received the waltz from Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century. The waltz did not emanate in its present form from the brain of a dancing master. Long before 1780, the time it is first mentioned under this name, it was displayed on the village greens. The waltz was first danced in the church and serves to trace the union between ancient civilization and that of the middle ages.

The sacred dance of the pagans is preserved to a certain extent in Christian rites. It is transformed to a series of revolutions made to the sound of the tambourine. St. Isadore, archbishop of Seville, born about A. D. 580, was intrusted by the council of Toledo with the revision of the liturgy as it was then practiced in the Roman church, in which there was a tambourine dance. The council decided to adopt the Isadorian liturgy in all Spain, and it differed but little from that used in other countries at that time.

This rite, celebrated before the eighth century, when the Moors first invaded Spain, was still celebrated by the Christians in the seven churches of Toledo, which the Moors abandoned after their capture of the city, and it was after that time called the Moorish rite. This was known and employed in Provence and Italy. The tambourine in use in this religious dance was called by St. Isadore "molte de symphonie," and evidently corresponded to the instrument which in the ancient sacred dances accompanied the flute, a sort of bagpipe invented two centuries before Christ. As the religious dance of the middle ages is allied to the ancient sacred dance, so the waltz is an evolution of this religious dance, having passed through many changes before arriving in its present form. In the eleventh century, when the Gregorian rite supplanted the Moorish rite, the dance disappeared from the church. It appeared very quickly in society under the name of "carole," a word derived from the Latin "caroler."

THE CHAMELEON.

Some of the Peculiarities of This Very Queer Animal.

A most remarkable creature is the chameleon. To all appearances, the nervous centers in one lateral half of this animal work independently of those in the other, and it has two lateral centers of perception—sensation and motion—besides the common one in which must reside the faculty of concentration. The eyes move independently of one another and convey separate impressions to their respective centers of perception. The consequence is that when the animal is agitated its movements resemble those of two animals or rather perhaps two halves of animals glued together. Each half wishes to go its own way, and there is no concordance of action.

Therefore the chameleon is the only four legged vertebrate that is unable to swim. It becomes so frightened when dropped into water that all faculty of concentration is lost and the creature tumbles about as if in a state of intoxication. When a chameleon is undisturbed every impulse to motion is referred to the proper tribunal, and the whole organism acts in accordance with its decrees. The eye, for example, that receives the strongest impression propagates it to the common center, which then prevails upon the other eye to follow that impression and direct its gaze toward the same object.

Moreover, the chameleon may be fast asleep on one side and wide awake on the other. Cautiously approached at night with a candle so as not to awaken the whole animal at once, the eye turned toward the light will open, begin to move and the corresponding side to change color. The other side will remain for a longer or shorter time in a torpid, motionless and unchanged state with its eye fast shut.—Chicago News.

Cerberus' Three Heads.

The most famous of dogs is Cerberus, who watches the entrance to Tartarus. He has three heads, but Hercules dragged him to earth and Orpheus put him to sleep with his lyre. The original dog cakes were given to Cerberus by the sibyl who led Æneas through hell. They were made of flour and seasoned with poppies and honey. He must have been an opium fiend, as the celestial drug is made from poppies. A "sop to Cerberus" was one of these cakes given to the monster by Greeks and Romans as a bribe to let them in without molestation.

Reflected Glory.

A critic relates that he was once present in the cottage at Ecclefechan where Carlyle first saw the light, when an enthusiastic pilgrim asked in awestruck tones, "And is this really the room in which Carlyle was born?" and received from the gudewife the answer, "Aye, an' oor Maggie was born here too."

An Excavation.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What is an excavation?"

"Why, an excavation, my boy, is a place from which dirt has been taken."

"Well, I suppose my face is an excavation, then?"—Yonkers Statesman.

That Settled It.

"Your new house is nearly completed, you say? I thought the plans didn't suit you at all."

"They didn't, but my wife and the architect insisted they were all right."—Philadelphia Press.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.—George Eliot.

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Circus vs. Cookery

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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Jackson Peters regarded the girl by his side almost with horror.

"I can't help what you think," she cried defiantly. "I just can't stand this sort of thing any longer."

"You don't have to," he urged gently. "You just say the word, Sally, and I'll see your pa tomorrow."

"Can't you understand, Jack Peters?" she cried with a stamp of the foot. "That woman wouldn't let me take the high school course 'cause I'd be wantin' to go to college next, she said. She just don't want to see me do anything grand, just get married and settle down slaving for some man, just as I've been slaving for her ever since pa married her."

"Don't you think," he suggested gently, "that perhaps she means well? She's seen a lot of the world. Mebbe she knows 'twouldn't do no good."

"There you go preaching like all the rest," she stormed. "Some of these days you'll wake up and find me gone. I can be as good as her."

"I don't see why you want to go off and be foolish just because you don't like Mrs. Burrows," he declared gently. "She means well."

"I'm going to be like her," insisted the girl, pointing to a lurid poster representing a young woman in gay apparel standing upon the tip of her toe on the back of a spirited horse. "She was one of 'em once. I guess I can ride that way as well as on a saddle."

"Huh," mused Peters. "A girl as can cook as well as you ain't got no call to be trapesing round the country with a circus."

Sally Burrows got down from the wall. "All the same," she cried defiantly, "I'm goin' with 'em," with a nod toward the circus posters. "I guess I can cook for 'em until I can ride."

She darted off down the road. Peters looked regretfully after her. He knew from experience the futility of seeking to overtake her.

Things had been well between himself and Sally Burrows until her father had married a circus rider who had been thrown from her horse and left behind by the show until her fractured leg knit. [illegible]

Long before that time she had won the affection of Hiram Burrows and [illegible] a good wife. Sally, however, had refused to accept her new mother, and there had been quarrels ever since Hiram had brought home his bride. The girl resented the intrusion of another woman in her mother's place and her own dethronement as mistress of the house.

Now she chafed to leave the quiet home and make a name for herself even as the rival had done, and Jackson Peters pleaded in vain.

He had a strong ally in Mrs. Burrows, who saw that the girl in a home of her own would be far happier than in her father's house, but this very alliance was against him, and Sally from the barn saw him go into the house and her slender frame shook with sobs as she realized that Jack was talking over her new idea with her stepmother.

She did not, however, connect Jackson's visit with his departure for the county town the following day, nor did she realize that he carried with him a letter to the proprietor of Wells' Grand United Shows and Consolidated Menageries. Therefore it was with no suspicion that she regarded that gentleman's enthusiastic welcome of her proposition that she join the troupe and act as cook until she could learn to be a performer.

"Just what I wanted," he cried jovially. "You've got the very build for a rider. We lay over here tomorrow and I'll give you your first lesson in the afternoon."

Sally wanted to wait, but Wells would take no denial. The show would stay on the grounds over Sunday, and there was no time to be lost. She could slip away from her people, and no one could tell just what she could do.

Her stepmother had driven over to the next town for a visit after the matinee performance Saturday, and there was nothing to hinder her from keeping her appointment with Wells. One of the women furnished her with a costume from her own wardrobe, and Sally, blushing furiously at the bloomers, crept into the ring.

Wells was teaching his own daughter to ride, and to the center pole of the tent had been added a huge boom which reached out as far as the circumference of the ring. From a pulley at the end of this dangled a rope with the horrible suggestion of a gallows, and beneath it stood a broad backed white horse, his back stiffly with powdered resin.

A man in his undershirt and overalls, looking very little like the ring master of the afternoon before, stood talking with the [illegible] clown. As she [illegible] toward her with a broad canvas belt.

[illegible] fastened about her waist, [illegible] the rope at the back into the [illegible] rope. The ring master lifted her to the horse's back, while the clown [illegible] a few brief directions about keeping her balance, the ring master cracked the whip and the horse started off.

For two or three paces she kept her balance, then with a yell she realized that she was falling. Her feet went up and the weight of her body was thrown against the belt.

They let her down, gasping for breath, until she clutched the horse's mane and could regain her footing. Then the dreadful whip cracked again and again. [illegible] hung by the belt, wildly waving her [illegible]. The boom was pushed around so that she kept always over the [illegible] horse, and by an effort she recovered. Her balance aided some what by the slackening of the rope at the end of the mechanic."

Twice around the ring and her ambition to be a rider died within her. She scrambled from the horse's back trying to choke back the tears of humiliation.

Wells was all sympathy. "Perhaps you might be better as an acrobat," he suggested kindly. "You'd make a good enough rider if you kept at it. Dolly here was worse than you when she started in. Want to try it again?"

"I think I'd rather be an acrobat," she almost whispered, trying to choke back the sobs. Acrobats were not left dangling over a horse, and they had a soft mat to fall upon.

The clown led the horse from the ring and two men unrolled a felt pad upon the sawdust. Even without the blue tights she recognized them as the acrobats, and she watched them curiously as they fastened a rope about the belt.

"Now, when we say 'Now,'" cautioned one, "you throw yourself forward just as though you were going to dive into water."

She braced herself for the command. It seemed ages in coming, but at last she heard the cry and gave a jump forward. She felt the rope around her waist tighten, she realized that she was spinning in the air, and then she landed on hands and knees on the pad. She had only turned twice, but it seemed as if she had been revolving in space for an hour.

For a moment she lay there sobbing, until the kindly faced woman took her to the dressing tent.

"It's harder work than you thought, isn't it?" she asked kindly. "We all have to go through with that. I thought they were going to kill me before I learned to ride."

Wells seemed disappointed, but not surprised, when he learned that she had abandoned a circus career, but he was very [illegible] about it, and she crept out of the tent humiliated and ashamed.

Three months later Jackson Peters was saying goodby to Mrs. Burrows before taking his bride to her new home.

"Be a good husband to her, Jack," said the lady, "and if you want to hold her love never let her find out that I used to ride for Wells and that we had it fixed up for her."

And Jackson, being wise, never told.

Twelve Series of Perfumes

A leading authority on perfumes divides the entire list into twelve series—(1) floral, as of the rose, violet and the like; (2) herbal, as of bergamot, mint and other aromatic plants; (3) the grass series, comprising several fragrant grasses which grow in Ceylon or India, as the orange grass, which contains an essential oil identical with that of the orange, and ginger grass, which has the perfume of the ginger root; (4) the citrine series, comprising the orange, lemon and their combinations; (5) the spice series, derived from the clove, cinnamon, allspice and the like; (6) the wood series, as the sandal wood, sassafras, rosewood, which derives its name not from the fact that it has the color of roses, but from the odor exhaled by it when freshly cut; (7) the root series, as the orris root and many others; (8) the seed series, as the caraway and vanilla; (9) the balm and gum series, of which there are many varieties; (10) all perfumes and essences derived from fruits. The eleventh series consists of combinations of the foregoing varieties, and the twelfth comprises all animal perfumes of whatever nature.

How Large New Zealand Is

New Zealand is popularly supposed to be a group of comparatively unimportant islands lying close off the coast of Australia and subject to what is vaguely termed "the Australian government." As a matter of fact, it is about equal in area to the British islands, is distant some 1,200 miles from the neighboring continent, is an independent, self governing colony and possesses more beautiful and varied scenery than any other single country of the world except the United States. This colony consists of two large islands and a third small one, called Stewart island, to the south. The two large islands are properly called the North island and the Middle island, but in ordinary language the Middle island is termed the South island. As the South island is nearer to the antarctic circle than the North island, it has, especially in its southernmost part, a cold climate. The North island has a warm enough climate to cause the oleander and [illegible] to bloom luxuriously, and in [illegible] northernmost part the orange grows well.

Ancient Artists

Is it known generally that works of art were well paid for in ancient times? A German review furnished recently some particulars about that question. Polygnotos of Thasos, who lived about 450 B. C., refused, it is true, any payment for his works and declared that he was sufficiently rewarded with the title of citizen of Athens, which had been conferred on him. But such disinterestedness was seldom imitated. Three [illegible] after, the painter Zeuxis of [illegible] the court of [illegible] Macedonia. [illegible] Alexander I [illegible]

Something He Had Forgotten

Small Boy—Mister, can you change a ten dollar bill?

Mister—No, sonny. That belongs strictly to my wife's share of the domestic duties. I might have been able to change one long ago, but I'm clean out of practice now.

An Awful Stab

"And you call this chair unique? Why, it isn't any older than I am!"

"Well, ma'am, that may be, but it's antique, all right." —Houston Post.

Exaggerated

A publisher advertises "The Wives of Henry VIII. Third thousand." Surely there is some exaggeration here. —Punch.

SPOILED HIS DINNER

WHY GENERAL CLARK ONCE REFUSED TO EAT WITH VEST

Sad Plight of the Old Missouri Fighter Under the Skillful and Merciless Baiting of the Artful and Tantalizing Senator

Among the most prominent story tellers in Missouri annals were General John B. Clark of Wilson creek fame and the matchless George Graham Vest. The writer remembers a story Senator Vest used to tell about General Clark that is worth while.

Vest and Clark were seated at a table in a popular restaurant in Washington chatting about Missouri and Missourians while the waiter was out preparing their order for dinner. On this particular occasion Vest was doing most of the listening, while General Clark, in his peculiar scrappy, piping voice, was discoursing upon the merits and demerits, principally demerits, of Missouri political leaders. Those who knew General Clark well during his lifetime undoubtedly remember with what extravagance the general could praise and laud those he had a liking for at the moment, and with what grim humor he could satirize and ridicule the foibles and weaknesses of those he happened to dislike. It was these dispositions on the part of the general that caused him to get into trouble at this time.

Although Vest was listening attentively and respectfully to the general's conversation, assisting him on with his story with a grunt of approval now and then, even offering suggestions as occasion would permit, yet all the while the senator was casting his eyes to the daily paper spread out upon the table near him. The general, encouraged by Vest's grunts and suggestions, was working himself up to a striking climax in a ludicrous story about a Missouri politician whom the general for the moment had concluded he didn't like, when he was abruptly interrupted by Senator Vest's speaking, as if he had just discovered something in the paper he had been glancing at.

"By the way, general," said Vest, "do you know one Captain —— —— (we will call him Captain John Smith for the purpose of this story) down in Missouri?"

"Yes," snapped the general, showing some irritation at having his story interrupted right in the very flower of its growth, "certainly I know him, and a rarer coward never walked the face of the earth than this same Captain John Smith."

This little fling at Captain Smith was a left handed stroke at Vest for interrupting a [illegible] story, as Vest had planned and expected it would be. However, the general showed a disposition to let it all go at this and at [illegible] his fractured story about the Missouri politician.

"As I was saying—"

"Well," Vest interrupted again, not [illegible] to [illegible] that the general [illegible] his story, "I don't know anything about the fellow being a coward. In fact, I know nothing about him. But I knew you did, and I thought I would get you to tell me something about him."

"Of course I know him, Vest," the general responded, pitching his scrappy voice in a little higher key, "and I have already said enough about him to cause any genuine Missourian to lose interest in him. There is nothing to him, I tell you, except a yellow streak from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet—a forked streak. Know him! Why, I know him like a book. He's a coward, I tell you, and that's enough for any Missourian to know about anybody. Why, I tell you that fellow is afraid to go out in the cornfield where they are gathering corn because the popping of the breaking cornstalks sounds so much like a gunshot that it frightens him nearly to death. Don't talk to me, Vest, about Captain John Smith. I know him."

"I didn't know him, general," Vest innocently responded, "but since you have given such a graphic description of his character I feel that I [illegible] better. Nevertheless, general, this fellow seems to write a right good article."

"Humph!" snorted the general in disgust. "I'd like to know what that [illegible] could be writing about. Nobody would believe a word he could say. I [illegible], and I tell you I know, for I've had him in command under me, and I've seen him under fire time and again. Nobody will ever believe a word a coward will say. But what is the fellow trying to write about, Vest?"

"The Battle of Wilson Creek," the senator replied as he picked up the paper and prepared to read the story to the general. The senator knew he had the general at the verge of the precipice and that it was time to topple him over, and right well did he do it.

The battle of Wilson creek was General Clark's theme on any and all occasions, and as soon as Senator Vest mentioned that it was being Captain Smith's subject the general was all attention in a moment.

The senator began the story at the beginning and read it clean through for the general's benefit, occasionally glancing over the edge of the paper out of the corner of his eye to observe the effect it was having on the general. The senator was soon rewarded, for the general soon began to twist and wriggle uneasily in his seat. In other words, the general was over the precipice. He knew it and was working his brain for all it was worth for a hold to recover.

The senator chuckled quietly to himself as he read on. Presently he came to the climax of the story that read about as follows:

It was a desperate and sanguinary battle. The men in our line were falling like withered leaves in a November gale, and blood was running in little rivulets from pool to pool that had gathered in the depressions all over the battleground. Our men were mostly raw recruits, unaccustomed to such scenes of carnage, and, as might be expected under such circumstances, they wavered under the dashing onslaught of the intrepid Lyon and his valiant men. [illegible] it appeared that the day [illegible] honor would be lost in com[illegible] and ignominious rout. Just at [illegible] moment [illegible] should go to [illegible] our sorely tried men but that [illegible] brigade commanded by that bold [illegible] leader who knows not what the word fear means, General John B. Clark, the greatest hero of the battle and the day was—

"Who did you say wrote that article, Vest?" broke in General Clark, not being able to restrain himself longer.

"Captain John Smith," the senator replied parenthetically and turned to his paper again as if he was about to resume the reading.

"Oh, thunder!" snorted the general in response. "I thought you was talking about Captain John T. Smith—at least that is the man I had in mind all the time. You know, there were two Captain Smiths in my brigade. One was Captain John T. Smith, whom everybody nicknamed as John the Coward, and there was plain Captain John Smith, whom everybody nicknamed John the Bold, and bold he was. There is no braver, more truthful and more upright man in every respect in all the state of Missouri, Vest, than this same plain Captain John Smith the Bold. Furthermore, Vest, every word he has written in that article is the unvarnished truth from beginning to end. I'll vouch for plain Captain John Smith every time. Besides, I was there, you know, and I know it is so."

"But, general," the senator rejoined as he fairly exploded with laughter, "you see this article is signed by John T. Smith, not the plain John Smith. I did not think at the time that the middle initial would assist you in identifying the man, hence my failure to give his full name as it is written here when I first inquired about him."

This was too much for the general. Bounding from his seat and shaking his finger in the senator's face, he said:

"Vest, of all the demons that stalk upon the face of the earth you are the biggest and most heartless. I'll not eat with you, sir."—Kansas City Star.

Sir Walter Scott's Pluck

When Sir Walter Scott was left poverty stricken with a debt amounting to $700,000 he said to his creditors, "Give me time and I shall be able to pay you everything." Having relinquished his property to his creditors, he said to a friend in a [illegible] thoughtful tone: "It must be very hard thus to lose all the labors of a lifetime and be a poor man at last. But if God grants me strength and life a few years longer I have no doubt I shall be able to pay it all."

He then set to work in earnest, and during the three years that followed performed a literary feat unparalleled and reaped immense profits. In these three years, from 1827 to 1830, he wrote and published about thirty different volumes, making more than ten a year. Besides this he was editing an edition of his novels, to which he added copious notes, and such was the demand for these works that over 1,000 persons were occupied in their mere manufacture. It seems hardly credible, but nineteen of these volumes were edited and published in a year. The profits resulting from these three years of labor amounted to something like $300,000.

Bought Her Own Gown

They tell a story of an unfortunate [illegible] society woman who, being terribly pushed for a gown to wear at a [illegible], sold seven gowns for the price of one to Mme. X. Among these gowns was one hardly rumpled and which, though very magnificent, had evidently been worn at most only once. This dress Mme. X. sold as a model to Mme. Y., who was the society woman's dressmaker and who had been at her about making another thing for the poor little woman without cash down. When this model came in she saw a chance for big returns of money, so she compromised with her customer and agreed to let her have a new dress just imported for a very low figure. When at the [illegible] little woman paid all the money [illegible] all her dresses and [illegible] Mme. Y. brought the model. The [illegible] woman talked herself blue in the face, but she could not say anything [illegible] without betraying [illegible] Mme. X. [illegible] all her other gowns for the price.

A Transformation Scene

A fashionable audience in Paris listened to a lecture on chemistry by a celebrated chemist. At the conclusion of the lecture a lady and gentleman who were among the first to leave the hall had reached the open air when the lady caught her escort staring at her. "What is the matter?" asked the lady in surprise. "Pardon me, but you are quite blue." The lady returned to the hall and approached a mirror. She started back in horror. The rouge upon her cheeks had been converted into a beautiful blue by the chemical decomposition which had taken place under the influence of the gases which had been generated during the lecture. The majority of the women in the audience had suffered in a similar manner. There were all sorts of colors—blue, yellow, violet and black. Some whose vanity had induced them to put ivory on the skin, coral on the lips, rouge on the cheeks and black on the eyebrows had undergone a ludicrous transformation.

Ancient mirrors were made of silver or brass. Looking glasses were made in Venice in 1300 A. D.

Don't be a Skeptic.

Seeing is believing. You can believe what most people say. H. G. Bynod, of Sunbury, Pa., under date of September 25th, says: "I have been troubled with rheumatism for five months. I have used one 50c bottle of Crocker's Rheumatism Cure and have been benefitted more by it than all other medicine I have ever used." For sale by L. K. Hogarth.

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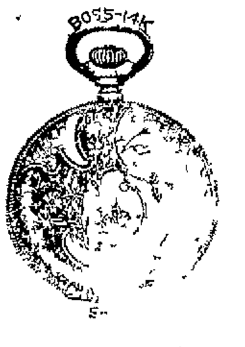

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Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF Z. T. CARL, late of KEATING TOWNSHIP, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, the undersigned Administrator of said decedent will expose at public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the [illegible] day of January, A. D. 190[illegible], commencing at [illegible] o'clock [illegible], the following described messuages and tracts of land:

1st. All that certain piece or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of lot No. 38 of the allotment of Bingham land in Keating township conveyed to Willis Barrett; thence along the south line of said lot north 89 degrees west about 104 perches; thence along the east line of lots Nos. [illegible] and [illegible] conveyed to Alfred J. Bond south 1¼ degrees west [illegible] perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 100, also conveyed to Alfred J. Bond aforesaid, south [illegible] degrees east 101.2 perches; thence along the east line of lot No. [illegible] conveyed to Isaac Brewer north 1¼ degrees east 80 perches to the place of beginning. Containing [illegible] acres strict measure, be the same more or less, and being lot No. 38 Bingham lands in Keating Township and parts of Warrants Nos. [illegible] and [illegible]. Being the same premises conveyed to Zachariah T. Carl by William Bingham's trustees by deed dated [illegible] and recorded in Deed Book Vol. [illegible] page [illegible] McKean County records. Unimproved land but well timbered.

2nd. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. [illegible] of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Keating Township [illegible] thence along the south line of lot No. [illegible] of said allotment south [illegible] east [illegible] perches; thence south 89 degrees east [illegible] perches to the place of beginning. Containing [illegible] acres of land with the usual allowance of six per cent for roads, be the same more or less. Being lot No. [illegible] of the allotment of Bingham land in Keating Township and part of Warrants Nos. [illegible] and [illegible].

3d. Being the same premises conveyed to Zachariah T. Carl by C. H. Swarthout and wife by deed dated November 11th, 1885, and recorded in Deed Book 30 at page [illegible]. Improved, and having thereon one and one half story board house, one large frame barn with lean to, usual outbuildings, a quantity of fruit trees and well watered.

Terms of sale: one third of the purchase price down and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys.

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DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa

Notice of Administration.

In the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrove, deceased. Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrove, deceased, late of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, to James A. McKean, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate shall make the same known without delay.

JAMES A. McKEAN,
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 7, 1906. Administrator.

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